

CHANDRAKUMA

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for the Story of
'THE TRIUMPH OF DURGA'



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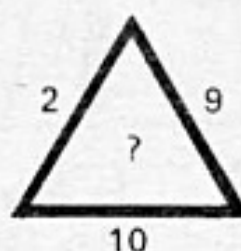
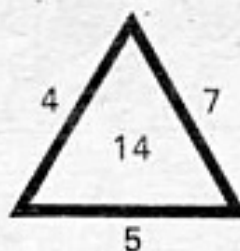
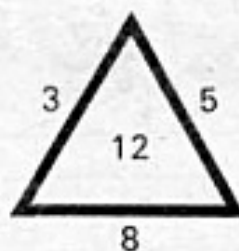
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Toothsville on the Defence

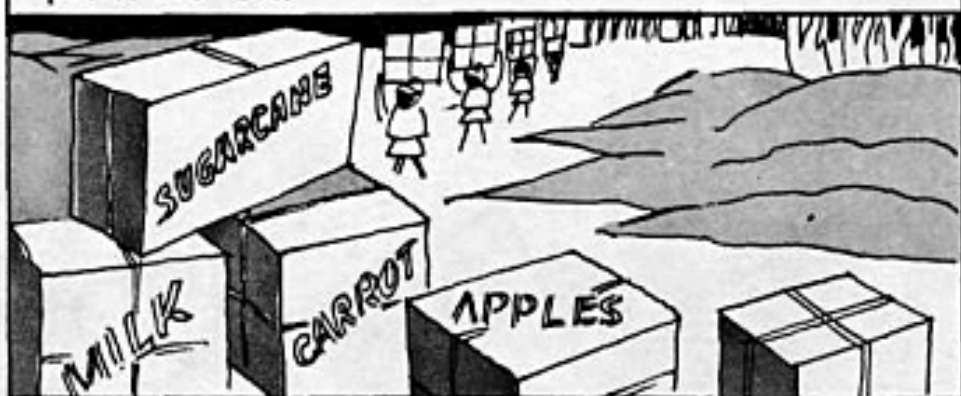
For months now, Demon Acid Killer COOH* has been threatening to overrun Toothsville. In the National Assembly, the Oral Flora pass a bill to import military hardware.



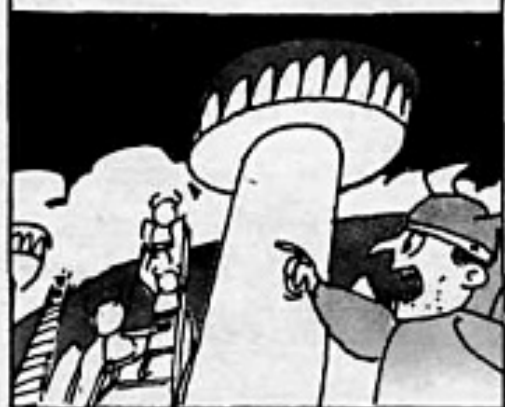
Soon the shiploads of equipment arrive.



The army loses no time in fortifying Tooth Tower...and soon their work is put to the test.



One night, while all are asleep, Killer COOH's raiders launch a surprise attack.



The Oral Flora put up a brave fight but cannot oust Killer COOH who has gained the initiative in taking them by surprise.



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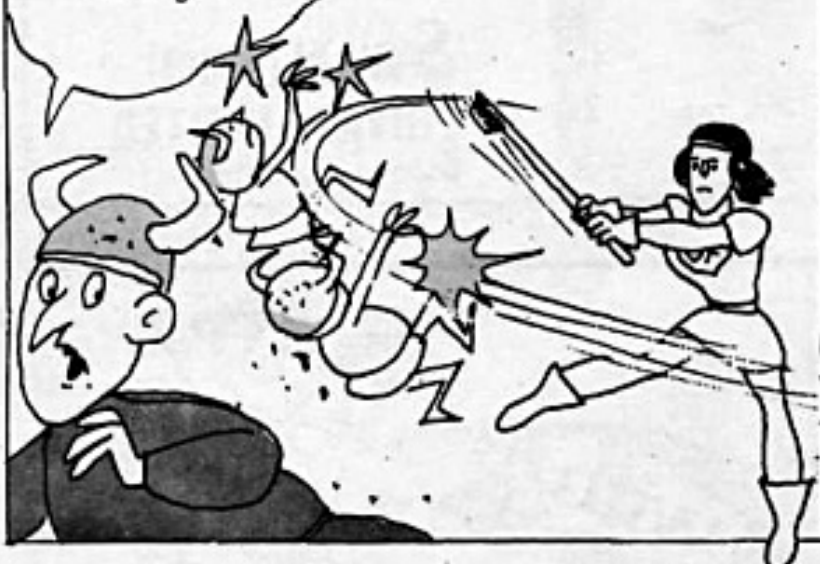
Later... Binaca-F races in armed with a deadly weapon: Binaca Fluoride Toothpaste.



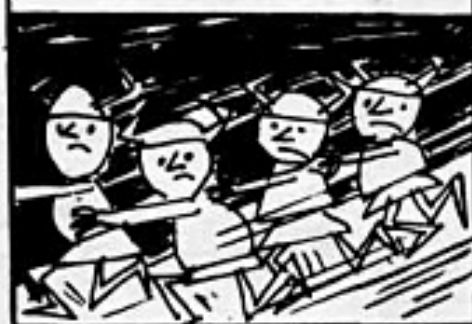
Let's see
Killer COOH
match this!



Retreat men,
let's go!



Killer COOH's army
is devastated by the
combined efforts of
Binaca-F and
the Toothsville army.



Hurrah!

We're saved!



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A GREAT FAITH

We all know that our very first protector is our mother. It is from the safety of her lap that we begin to look at the wide world; it is under her loving care and concern that we grow. It is to her that we run when in difficulty.

The ancient wisdom of India saw the Divine as the Mother, the source of all power and light.

Rama was the incarnation of Vishnu. Even then, born that he was as a human being, he had his limitations. He had to invoke the Grace of the Divine Mother, Durga, before he launched his expedition against the mighty demon-king, Ravana. It was with Durga's blessings that he destroyed the citadel of arrogance and falsehood and rescued Sita, the symbol of truthfulness. (See the *Story of India* in this issue for the saga of the emergence of Durga).

We do not know for how many centuries India has been celebrating, year after year, the event of Rama's adoration of Durga. The season for the celebration has arrived again. Many have the faith that the force which Rama had invoked can still be effective if man aspired to use it for the victory of truth against falsehood.

And, no doubt, it is a great faith.





GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

सुजनो न याति वैरं परहितनिरतो विनाशकालेऽपि ।
छेदेऽपि चन्दनतरुः सुरभयति मुखं कुठारस्य ॥

*Sujano na yāti vairam parahitanirato vināśakāle'pi
Chede'pi candanataruḥ surabhayati mukham kuṭhārasya*

A noble soul does not refrain from doing good to others even when he was being ruined himself. The sandal tree perfumes the edge of the very axe which fells it.

The Subhashitavalih

सर्वाः सम्पत्तयस्तस्य सन्तुष्टं यस्य मानसम् ।
उपानद्गूढपादस्य ननु चर्मावृतैव भूः ॥

*Sarvāḥ sampattayastasya santuṣṭam yasya mānasam
Upānadgūḍhapādasya nanu carmāvṛtaiva bhūḥ*

All the world's wealth is his who is contented in his mind. The whole earth is as good as covered with leather for one whose own feet are covered with shoes.

The Hitopadeshah

सुवर्णपुष्पितां पृथ्वीं चिन्वन्ति पुरुषास्त्रयः ।
शूरश्च कृतविद्यश्च यश्च जानाति सेवितुम् ॥

*Suvarṇapuṣpitām pṛthvīm cinvanti puruṣāstrayaḥ
Śūraśca kṛtavidyaśca yaśca jānāti sevituram*

The earth flowers with gold for three kinds of people to pluck them : the valiant, the learned and one who knows how to serve.

The Panchatantram

THE TRIUMPH OF DURGA



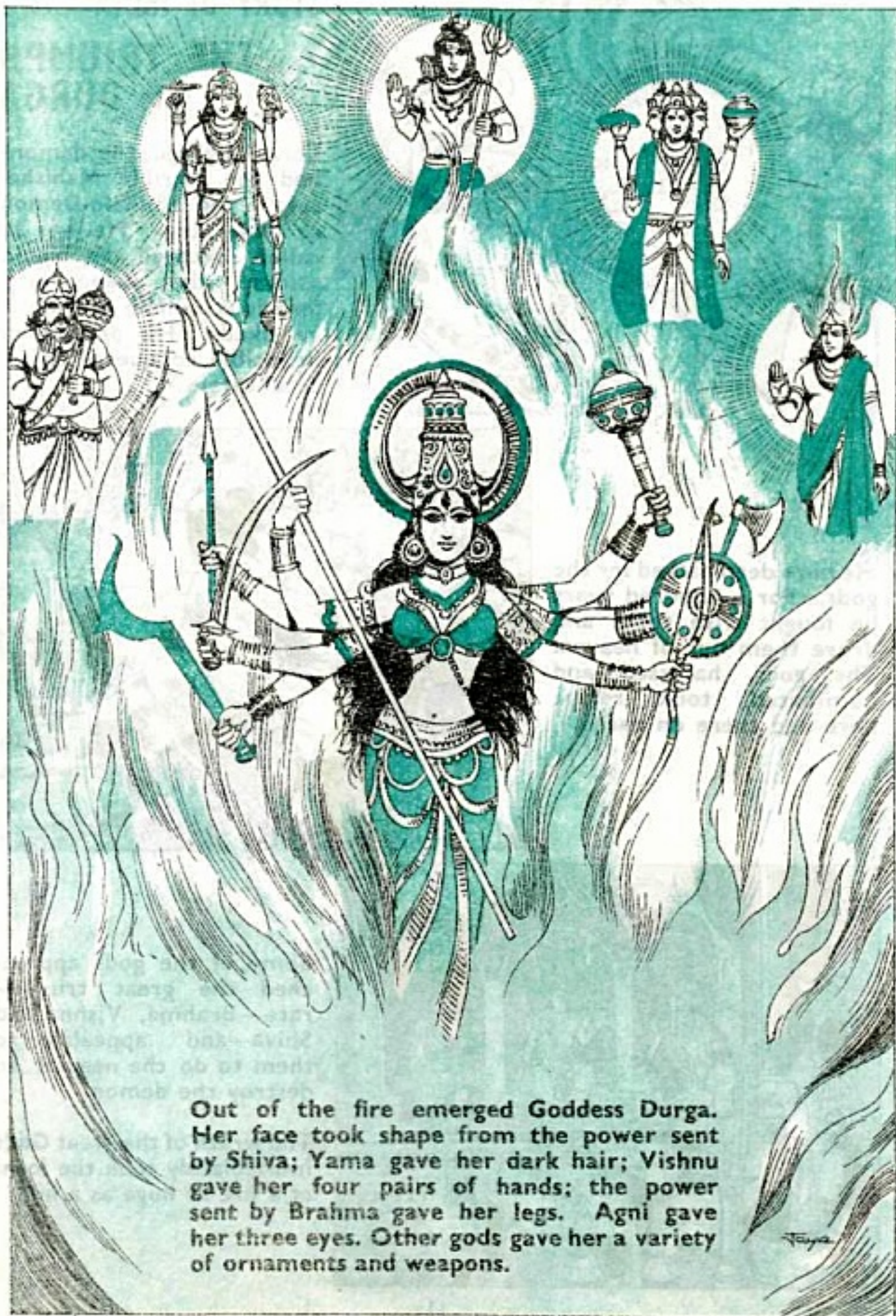
Long long ago, the demons had the terrible Mahisha-sura, the Buffalo-Demon as their king. He was so called because he could assume the shape of a ferocious buffalo whenever he liked. He proved an invincible conqueror and a cruel tyrant.

He bore deep hatred for the gods. For a hundred years he fought with them and drove them out of heaven. The gods, harassed and humiliated, took refuge here and there on earth.



Some of the gods approached the great triumvirate—Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva—and appealed to them to do the needful to destroy the demon.

The wrath of the great Gods immediately took the form of a fire as huge as a hill.



Out of the fire emerged Goddess Durga. Her face took shape from the power sent by Shiva; Yama gave her dark hair; Vishnu gave her four pairs of hands; the power sent by Brahma gave her legs. Agni gave her three eyes. Other gods gave her a variety of ornaments and weapons.

In majestic strides the goddess advanced towards the horde of demons who, informed of her emergence, had gathered to attack her. When they saw her radiant figure, they got panicky and ran to their king.



But the generals of the demons commanded their army to face the goddess. However, the army met its end in no time, most of them falling to Durga's lion and her trident. The commanders too did not survive.

Mahishasura, furious at the news that his army and commanders had been destroyed, assumed the form of a wild buffalo and rushed at the goddess. Durga instantly beheaded it.





Mahishasura then took the form of an elephant and tried to grab the lion of the goddess by its trunk. But, by a swift move of her sword the goddess cut down its trunk.

Now, Mahishasura resumed his normal form and rushed at the goddess. But her dazzling and sublime figure dazed him. He fought, but could not continue for long.



The goddess, with her lion, jumped on to the demon-king. Mahishasura fell down. The trident of the goddess pierced him and at last he was vanquished. Great was the relief felt by Mother earth and heaven.



THE LATEST DREAM

Saroja, the wife of Shripati, was a sweet-natured girl. But it was difficult to find a woman as quarrelsome as Durgabai, Shripati's stepmother.

Shripati had lost his parents. He treated his stepmother with respect. Although Durgabai never lost an opportunity for chiding Saroja, Shripati did not protest.

One night Durgabai dreamt that Saroja was calling her all sorts of names and was about to beat her. It was in the last part of the night that she dreamt this. She was under the notion that a dream that occurred towards the end of the night proved true.

She woke up shivering with wrath. As soon as she came out of her room she saw Saroja busy cleaning the house.

"You daughter of a vampire!

You must call me names and beat me, will you? What audacity!" Durgabai shouted and planted a blow on her daughter-in-law's head. "What an evil dream I had to suffer on account of you!" she concluded, with a second blow.

Shripati grew pensive. He was a dutiful young man. He could not disown his stepmother on account of her rudeness. Durgabai had nowhere to go. At the same time he just could not keep his eyes shut on her unjust behaviour.

A few days later, one morning Shripati suddenly stood before Durgabai with folded hands and then bending down and touching her feet, offered her a coin. To the pleasantly surprised Durgabai, he explained, "Mummy, in my dream I have been directed to offer a rupee

to you every morning. Be pleased to accept it."

"Sonny, you are an angel!" exclaimed Durgabai as she happily accepted the coin.

Saroja felt puzzled at her husband's conduct. "Is it because I am losing my wit that everybody's conduct appears so strange to me?" she asked herself.

Shripati only smiled, looking at her, as if he asked her to wait and see the fun.

A fortnight passed. One morning instead of offering her a coin, Shripati told Durgabai, "So, let us go to the police station. Let the matter be settled by the proper authority."

"What do you mean, sonny?" asked the bewildered Durgabai.

"I dreamt that you murdered Saroja. I caught you red-handed. My sleep ended there. For

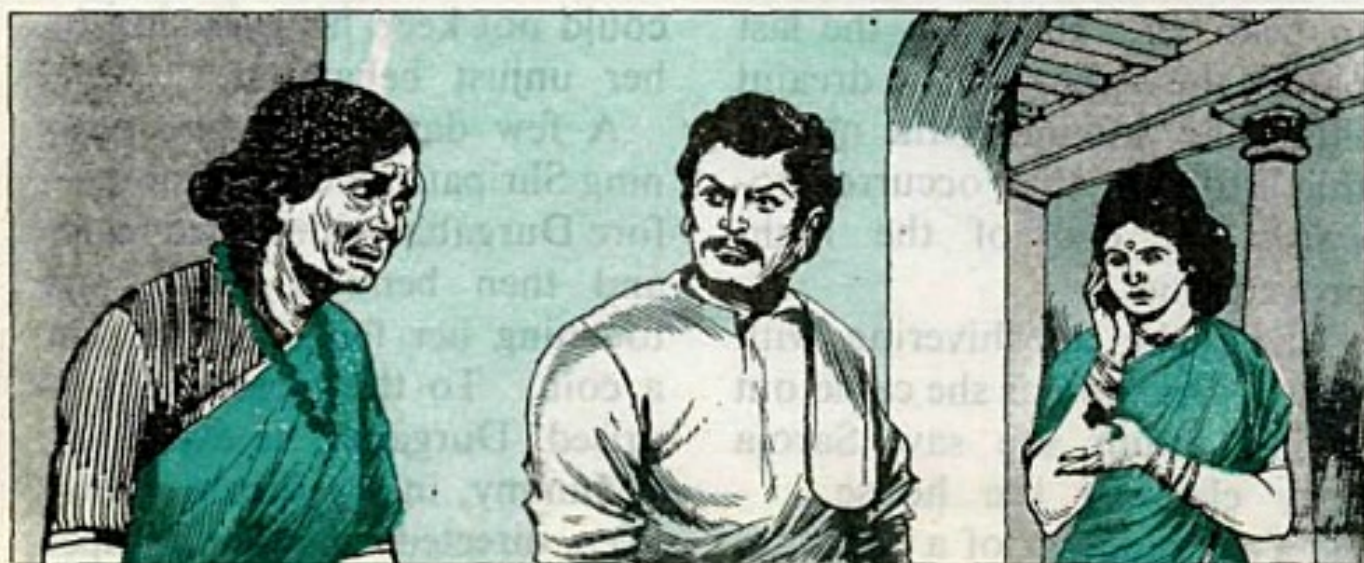
the rest, let us go to the police station," said Shripati.

"Are you out of your senses, child? Does any sensible man act according to a dream?" Durgabai asked, on the verge of weeping.

"But is it not you who taught me to act according to a dream? You beat Saroja because of a dream. I give you a rupee a day following a dream and you accept it readily. Why then do you grumble if I am going to act according to my latest dream?"

Saroja, who overheard their talk, came out and took her husband to task, saying, "Must you joke with mummy? Are you not behaving like a kid?"

Shripati smiled and left the scene. But Durgabai was a changed person. She never harassed Saroja again.



SRI CHAITANYA

Wide stretches of fields, covered with tall grasses or bushes, lying desolate for the most part, suddenly sprang to life. A charming young man danced and sang and wandered through them, followed by a large number of people. All were in ecstasy.

Who was this young man? Wondered the people of the nearby villages. And soon they learnt that he was Chaitanya, by then already famous as a great devotee of Krishna. Whoever once saw him, felt the urge to follow him. Such a magnetic personality was he!

But why was he wandering amid those desolate fields? Because that was the sacred area of Brindavan, where Krishna as a child played with his cowherd companions and where, on the bank of the river Yamuna, he played his flute.

There were a number of spots in Brindavan intimately associated with many a sweet deed and miracle of Krishna. But centuries had rolled by and the people had forgotten which were those holy spots. Chaitanya was out to discover them.

While singing the glory of Krishna, Chaitanya would often pass into trances. Then he would open his eyes and point out to his followers a spot where a memorable event had taken place in Krishna's time. By and by he discovered all such spots lost to human memory—spots which are visited by streams of devotees since then.

Chaitanya was born at Navadwip, Bengal, in 1486, of Jagannath Mishra and Sachi Devi. His father and grandfather were well-known scholars. Chaitanya, who was called Nimai, impressed all as a highly intelligent boy. He lost his father when quite young, but he enjoyed the love and affection of all his neighbours.

He married a girl named Lakshmi and set up a Sanskrit school. All signs showed that he was growing into a prosperous householder. Lakshmi soon died; but Sachi Devi got him married again—this time to Vishnupriya.

But the great change came over him all on a sudden. He

had gone to Gaya, to perform the funeral rites for his father. There, inside the temple of Vishnu, he realised that the worldly life was not for him. There took place a remarkable coincidence. He met a great Vaishnava sage, Iswara Puri, in the temple. They knew each other earlier. Chaitanya had great respect for the sage while the sage knew that Nimai was no ordinary young man. Now the time had come for Chaitanya to wake up to the mission of his life. Iswara Puri initiated him and he returned home—already a Vaishnava.

At Navadwip, all came to know of his change before long. He closed down his school and passed all his time muttering the name of Krishna. Sometimes he was in ecstasy over his inner union with the Lord; sometimes he was in tears due to the pang of separation from his Lord. In any case, no other thought but his Lord's seemed to enter his mind.

Shrivas, a pundit, was a friend of the family. Sachi Devi requested this wise man to persuade her son to become mindful of his worldly responsibility. Pundit Shrivas met Chaitanya, only to be overwhelmed by the

young man's power of devotion. It was at Shrivas's house that soon the Vaishnavas of Navadwip began to meet regularly. Great was their enthusiasm now that they were led by Chaitanya. It did not take long for any devotee to realise that their leader was a man of destiny, one who was endowed with true spiritual powers.

Groups of Vaishnavas, at Chaitanya's marched instruction, through the streets singing *Kirtan*—devotional songs dedicated to Krishna.

Once such a group, led by Nityananda, an ascetic who had taken to Chaitanya's path, was confronted by two notorious hooligans. They were Jagai and Madhai, two rich brothers who found great pleasure in tormenting others.

Madhai howled at the party of *Kirtan*-singers and ordered them to stop. But they wouldn't. Madhai hurled a wine pot at Nityananda who was wounded. Some people ran and reported the incident to Chaitanya. Chaitanya rushed to the spot.

Madhai would have done greater harm to Nityananda but for Jagai. When Chaitanya arrived on the scene, instead of complaining to him of the treat-

ment he had received, the bleeding Nityananda urged upon him to bless Jagai. Chaitanya embraced Jagai. The rowdy Jagai fainted at the blissful touch.

Madhai stood stunned. Before him stood the incarnation of love and compassion. They were surrounded by the devotees singing the songs of Krishna's glory. Madhai did not know when tears had started flowing down his cheeks. Chaitanya smiled and embraced him too.

The infamous brothers soon became famous as Chaitanya's ardent disciples.

As days passed, more and more people were attracted to-

wards Chaitanya. Great and aged scholars bowed to the young sage. Chaitanya's assurance that love and *bhakti*—devotion—led to the realisation of Krishna brought a new hope for the suffering and confused seekers.

The Kazi of Navadwip looked at this new movement with suspicion. Not that he had any objection to the people chanting the name of Krishna, but that they must do so unitedly and take out joyous processions were things which made him ill at ease. He announced that thenceforth no procession singing *Kirtan* can be taken out.





To the Vaishnavas the order came like a bolt from the blue. They felt depressed. But the champion of tolerance though Chaitanya was, he knew no fear. He asked his disciples to organise a procession in defiance of the Kazi's order. Late in the afternoon the streets of Navadwip wore a festive look. Not only did group after group of Vaishnavas, playing the *mridangam*—the drum—and the cymbal, collect on the square, but also thousands of citizens followed them. A mammoth procession, led by Chaitanya himself, advanced towards the Kazi's mansion.

The Kazi was in the grip of

fear. Chaitanya, however, assured the Kazi's officials that he meant no harm to the Kazi. The Kazi appeared before Chaitanya and promised that in future no obstruction would be put before the devotees!

One day, while the devotees surrounding Chaitanya were singing *Kirtan* at Shrivasa's house, he bade them to stop, for, he felt that something amiss had taken place in the house. On enquiry he learnt that Shrivasa's young son had died. But Shrivasa had not brought that to his notice lest the *Kirtan* should be disturbed.

Chaitanya stood near the dead child and tried to console the crying women, but they seemed inconsolable.

Chaitanya suddenly looked at the dead child and asked him to explain to his parents why he was dead.

The miracle happened. The child opened his eyes and said that his soul had occupied the body as long as it was necessary. Providence has so arranged that the soul must be reborn elsewhere. "I bid you goodbye," said the child and he fell dead again.

Chaitanya now decided that it was time for him to leave

Navadwip and go out spreading his message. He left the house at night and arrived at Katya. There lived Kesav Bharati, a great ascetic. Chaitanya was initiated by him to asceticism.

The call of Puri, the seat of Lord Jagannath, was growing ever louder in Chaitanya's heart. He headed in that direction, followed by a few disciples.

Upon entering the temple of Puri, Chaitanya straightway ran near the deities and embraced the idol of Jagannath. He fell down, losing consciousness. The priests did not know what to do. But a pundit of the court of King Prataparudra of Puri, Vasudeva Sarvabhauma, also hailing from Navadwip, happened to be in the temple at the moment. He took the stranger to his house and learnt who he was. While trying to teach Chaitanya his own philosophy, Sarvabhauma was soon converted to the way of Chaitanya!

It did not take long for Chaitanya to win the recognition of the scholars of Puri. His disciples from Navadwip too started flocking to Puri. Chaitanya, on a visit to the south, met Raya Ramananda, King Prataparudra's viceroy sta-



tioned at Rajmahendri. Raya was a great mystic. In Chaitanya he recognised the divine messenger. He gave up his position and came away to Puri where he could enjoy the privilege of Chaitanya's company. Soon King Prataparudra too was enamoured of Chaitanya's personality.

When the famous car festival of Jagannath, Balaram and Subhadra came, thousands of people witnessed the heavenly scene of Chaitanya and his followers dancing in ecstasy before the advancing cars. As long as Chaitanya was at Puri the car festival was marked by his participation.

As time passed, people coming in contact with Chaitanya gained amazing spiritual experiences. They realised that he was an incarnation. They called him *Mahaprabhu*—the Great Lord. Chaitanya too never failed to recognise the mystics around him. They were people from all sects, castes and religions—including Muslims.

His disciples continued to be active at Puri, Navadwip and Brindavan, bringing about a regeneration in the Vaishnava tradition of India.

Chaitanya's end is shrouded in mystery. According to the legends, he had last been seen standing in a trance fixing his gaze on Jagannath. It is popular belief that even his physical body merged in the deity. Others say that while in trance he immersed himself in the sea—as though the blue vastness was

the body of his Master, Krishna.

Here are some words of Chaitanya, given to Raya Ramananda, shortly before his disappearance:

“Become good and consider yourself humbler than grass. Be patient as a tree. A tree does not complain if one cuts it. It does not ask for a drop of water from anybody though it dries up. It gives away freely its treasure of flowers and fruits to anyone who wants it. It exposes itself to the rains and the sun, giving up its store to others. A Vaishnava should be absolutely devoid of pride. He should consider that Krishna is present in every soul and therefore should show respect to others, without asking any for himself. One who becomes like this and then utters Krishna's name is rewarded with love of Him.”





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

THE SAGE AND THE PILGRIMS

The village was wearing a festive look. The landlord was going out on a pilgrimage. A number of leading villagers were to accompany him. They were to see many a holy place and worship the deities. They had no doubt in their minds that they would derive great spiritual benefit from their travels.

In those days there were no trains or buses to carry the travellers to distant places. They had to walk and walk, perhaps board a bullock cart for a while or travel by a boat when possible. In any case, the pilgrims took a long time to reach their destinations

and return home—several months, sometimes more than a year.

So, it was in fitness of things that the villagers were giving a warm farewell to their landlord and his party. They were happy and proud that some of them were going out on a religious journey. When they return, they would have of course won some credit for the village as a whole!

On the edge of the village, in a small hut, lived a lonely man whom all knew as a sage and all respected. He was Tuka-ram. The landlord had earlier offered to take the sage with

him on the pilgrimage. But the sage had refused to join him.

"O sage, I have come again to request you to give us your company," the landlord told Tukaram on the eve of leaving the village. "I will see that you are comfortable on the journey. Needless to say, I will bear all your expenses."

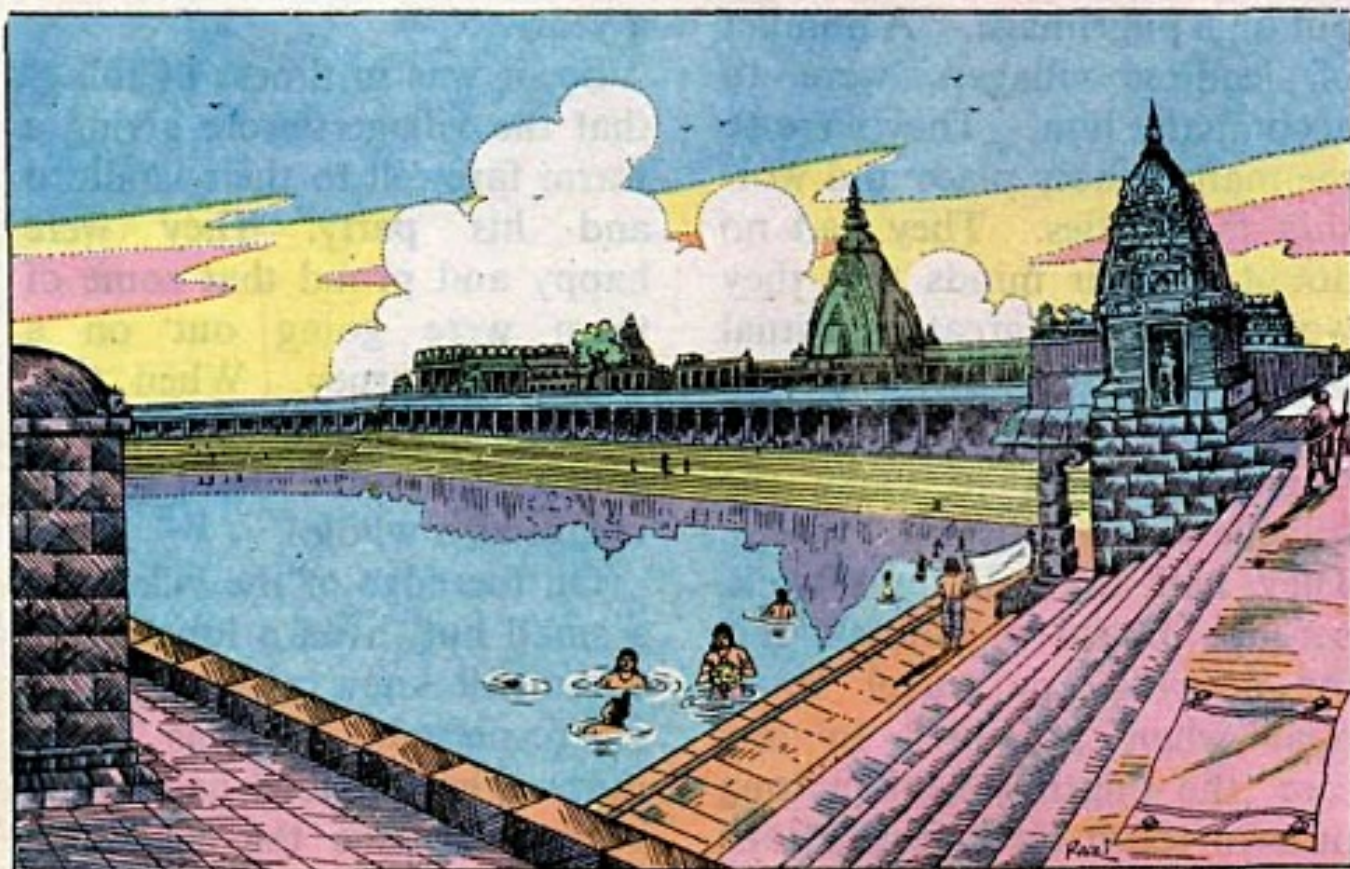
"Thank you. But I do not see any use in going on such a long journey," replied the sage.

"I am surprised to hear such words from a sage," said the landlord. "Do you mean to say that no benefit accrues from

visiting the holy places?"

Instead of giving any reply to the landlord's question, the sage only smiled. But the landlord repeated his question upon which the sage said that he would give the reply after the party returned from the pilgrimage.

"But would you do me a favour?" asked the sage. "I wish you to carry a small bundle with you. I request that you carry it into all the temples you visit and dip it in the waters whenever you bathe in the sacred rivers and lakes," said Tukaram showing the bundle.



The landlord's party gladly accepted it and promised to do as desired by the sage.

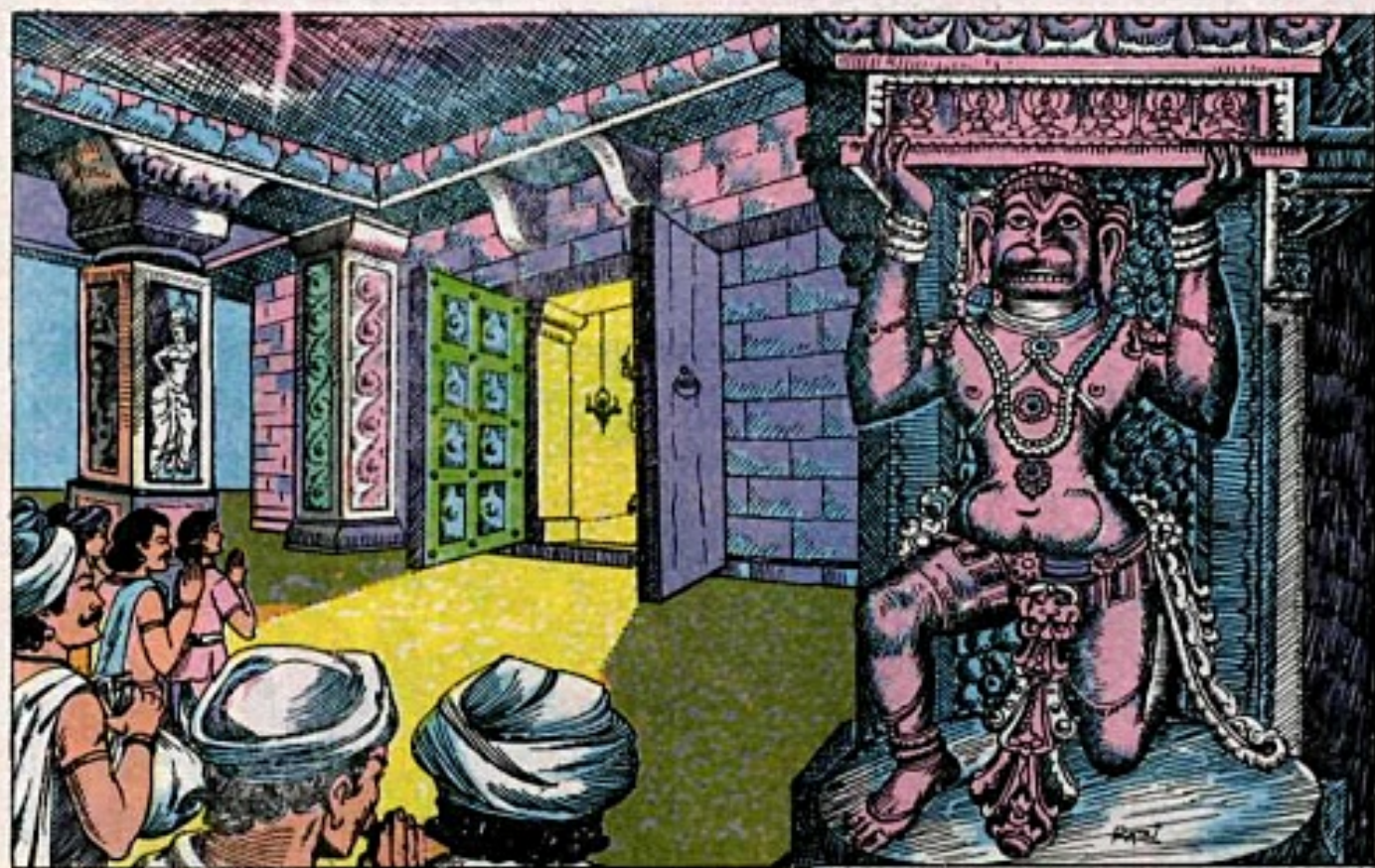
A year passed. The pilgrims returned after a successful completion of their tour. They had visited many a holy spot and had plunged into several sacred rivers and lakes. They had carried the sage's bundle wherever they had been. Now they returned it to the sage.

The whole village received them warmly and so did Tukaram. The sage even arranged to throw a feast in their honour. The pilgrims felt quite flattered and they kept on saying before others, "Who should appreciate

the value of a pilgrimage if not a sage?"

At the appointed time the pilgrims sat down in a row for partaking of the dinner the sage had prepared for them. The rice and the vegetables had been cooked very well and the pilgrims praised each of the items. But Tukaram kept on telling them, "Just wait for the last item. That would prove so sweet!" They waited, curious.

When they had eaten well, Tukaram asked one of his disciples to give them the much announced last item. The same, a liquid, was served to them in small cups.



The pilgrims were looking forward to relishing every drop of it. But their lips parted in disgust and their eyes showed surprise as soon as they had tasted just little of it.

"What is the matter? Is it not sweet?" asked the sage.

"Sweet? It is awfully bitter, sir!" exclaimed the pilgrims.

"How?" asked the sage as if he too was quite surprised.

"How was this item prepared, sir?" asked the landlord.

"It was, of course, prepared with a bitter gourd, but it was the very gourd which I had sent with you on pilgrimage. It was carried into all the temples you visited and was given a dip in all the holy waters. How could I believe that it continued to be bitter? I was sure that its bitterness had changed into sweet-

ness!" said Tukaram.

The pilgrims kept quiet. They were clever enough to understand the message which the sage was trying to give them: A mere visit to holy spots did not change one's nature. That is why the sage had refused to accompany them.

The pilgrims bowed to the sage as they prepared to leave.

"I am sure, your cases are different. The pilgrimage has certainly changed you, unlike what it has done to the bitter gourd," said the sage as he blessed them.

The pilgrims tried their best, as long as they could, to show that they had indeed changed. Those who were quarrelsome, seemed to be less so, those who were mean and miserly, seemed to be a little generous.





THE QUEER COMPANION

Kishan and Gulab left their village together and headed towards the town. They were going to buy goods for their shops in the village.

Each had carried his own packet of food to eat on the way. By noon, when they were passing through a forest, they felt hungry and sat down under a tree.

"Let us not be foolish enough to open both the food-packets at the same time. Let us together finish one packet now. We can share the other one at night," proposed Gulab.

"Why not," Kishan agreed and asked, "Which packet should we empty now?"

"Well, my friend, you are

weaker than myself. If we finish your packet now, you will feel light while walking," said Gulab.

"Thank you for your consideration," said Kishan as he opened his packet. Both partook of the food which was quite delicious.

After an hour's rest they resumed their journey. They should have reached the town in the evening. But Gulab claimed that he knew a short cut. Kishan followed him, only to realise soon that they had lost their way in the forest.

It was a moonlit night. Feeling hungry, both sat down on a slab of stone. Now it was Gulab's turn to open his food-



packet. He opened it all right, but instead of offering a share to Kishan, he began to eat the stuff alone with great concentration.

Kishan coughed and came closer in order to remind Gulab that he was starving. But Gulab took no notice of him.

"My friend, should you not pass on a portion of your food to me?" Kishan at last reminded Gulab.

"Why?" Gulab asked bluntly.

"Well, ah, I let you share my food in the morning, didn't I?" asked Kishan.

"You did. That was wise of you. You could walk easily

because you had no surplus food to carry. Now, you should realise that I being fatter and stronger, my need is greater than thine! Be wise again and keep quiet," said Gulab gravely and he finished the rest of the food in a few more gulps.

Gulab then said that it was not possible to find the way out of the forest at night. They stretched themselves on the slab of stone. Kishan was too tired to remain awake for long.

He woke up at the sound of birds chirping around him. It was morning. Gulab was not to be found. Neither was to be found his own bag containing all his money which he had kept under his head.

Kishan sighed sadly when he understood that he had been deceived and robbed by his companion. With all the money gone, there was no use going to the town. He had no desire to return home either, to narrate his woes to his family. He wandered in the forest, sighing from time to time.

But whenever he sighed, he felt as though behind him someone else was sighing too. He looked over his shoulder and saw a stranger in tattered robes, looking like an apparition, fol-

lowing him.

"Who are you?" asked Kishan.

"I am the only friend you have in the world now. My name is Misery. I am happy to see how miserable you are," was the reply.

Kishan certainly did not like the fellow's smile or his words. But that was not the time to be critical of anything.

"I am hungry. Can you tell me where I can get some food?" he asked.

"Why not," said the stranger quite affably. "Follow me!"

Kishan followed the stranger. He soon observed that although

the fellow had a human form, his body was not made of bones and flesh. But one would not know that unless one marked him very closely.

At the end of the forest was a tavern. "All we have is wine," said the owner of the tavern.

"That is a fine thing. That should instantly give you strength," Misery whispered in Kishan's ear.

Kishan shunned wine. But he had no choice at the moment. He was dying with hunger and thirst. He guzzled a potful of wine and got up to leave.

"Price, please," the tavern-owner reminded him.





"Oh, I had forgotten about that. I have been robbed of all my wealth. Later, when my condition improves, I will pay what I owe you," promised Kishan.

"I have been running my shop for twenty years and I know all kinds of cheats," growled the tavern-owner and he caught Kishan by his hand.

"Why don't you give away your turban to the fellow?" counselled Misery.

"Yes, yes, that is what I should do," said Kishan. He took out his turban which was made of nice new linen and gave it to the tavern-owner and satis-

fied him.

He wandered in the forest throughout the day, dazed and sad. Misery followed him wherever he went. When he wept, Misery too wept and muttered, "How nice it is to weep!"

By evening Kishan felt hungry again. "Let us go to that tavern," proposed Misery. And Kishan knew that he could not do otherwise.

"How are you going to pay for your food and drink?" asked the tavern-owner.

"All I need is food, no drink. But I do not know how to pay for it!" said Kishan.

"Why!" whispered Misery, "Have you forgotten about the ring on your finger? And what do you mean by no drink? How are you going to forget your sorrow if you do not drink? Your ring should bring you food and drink for several days."

Kishan had no strength to disregard Misery's advice. He bargained over his ring and the tavern-owner agreed to supply him food and drink for five days, in exchange for the ring.

During the five days Kishan was growing more and more addicted to drink. But Misery

was always by his side to encourage him in the habit. Kishan knew that he was growing more and more miserable. But he did not know what to do.

At the end of the five days the tavern-owner refused to serve Kishan. But Misery counselled Kishan, "Have you forgotten that you have a gold-plated tooth? Why don't you knock it off?"

Kishan did as advised. The little gold from his tooth fetched him food and drink for three more days.

"Indeed, there is nothing more left with you," said Misery. Then he whispered, "Follow me. We can steal something from the nearest village."

Kishan was most unwilling to follow Misery. But he had to do as directed by the creature when he could not bear the pang of hunger any more. He stole a few utensils from a farmer's house and paid for his food and drink for a period of two more days.

But he felt utterly degraded. His heart was full of disgust for himself as well as his companion, Misery.

"Do not worry. I know of a secret hole in which lie three or



four bricks of gold. Come, let us dig them out," said Misery. "With me by your side, you shall finish using them in no time," he assured Kishan further.

Soon they were near the hole. Misery directed Kishan to lift a boulder and enter the hole. Kishan went in and found four gold bricks. He hurled them out, one by one.

"Is there anything more inside?" asked Misery.

"I am not sure. Why don't you come in?" said Kishan.

Misery hopped down into the hole. As soon as he did so, Kishan jumped out and rolled

the boulder into the mouth of the hole. Misery remained locked inside the hole.

Kishan packed the gold bricks in a part of his cloth and proceeded to the town. Next week he returned to his village carrying cart-loads of goods for his shop. The members of his family and his friends were passing through days of agony. All were happy to see him back. Only man to draw a long face was Gulab.

Kishan soon built a nice house and threw a sumptuous feast to the villagers. After the feast was over, Gulab met him and apologised for his conduct and asked him how he got so much wealth. Kishan told him all about Misery and how he got rid of the creature.

Gulab entered the forest the same night. Following Kishan's

description he found out the boulder and removed it from the mouth of the hole.

"Come out, Misery, you are now free to return to your friend, Kishan," said Gulab.

"Friend?" shrieked Misery after he emerged from the hole. "Do you call a fellow who shuts you up in a hole your friend? If I have any friend, it is you. You are my deliverer. I love you. I will never leave you."

"Please leave me," screamed Gulab and he began to run. But when he reached home, he found Misery standing behind him with a smile.

"I will never leave you," assured Misery. And no doubt he was true to his word, for, Gulab was seen completely ruined within a few months!



THE BEGGAR AND THE BEGGAR!

In a jungle lived a wise fakir. So many people came to meet him and seek his advice and blessings that he felt the necessity of building a shelter for them.

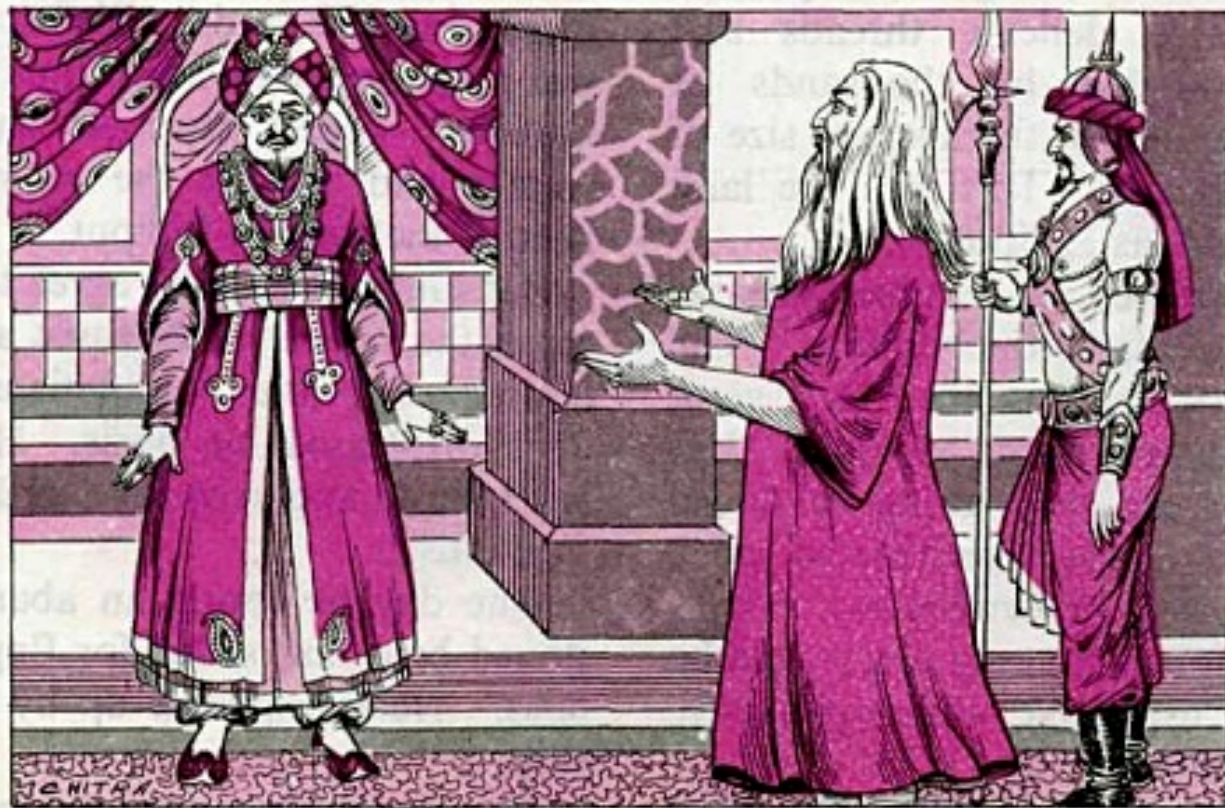
Instead of raising funds for the purpose from his admirers, he thought it best to approach the nawab and ask him for the entire amount necessary.

When he reached the nawab's palace, the nawab was in the prayer hall. The servants welcomed the fakir and made him sit near the prayer hall.

But suddenly the fakir got up and went away. Soon there, after the nawab came out and he sent a servant to call the fakir back.

"Why were you going away before meeting me, holy man?" asked the nawab.

"I had come to beg of you. But I heard you begging of God, 'Give me more wealth! Give me more land!' I noted that you too are a beggar. How to beg from a beggar?" explained the fakir.





Gulliver's Travels

The ship that left the harbour of Bristol on May 4, 1699, had among its passengers a doctor, Gulliver. A great storm destroys the ship, but Gulliver manages to reach the shore of an unknown island. Exhausted, he falls into a sound sleep.

Upon awaking he finds himself tied to the ground by innumerable delicate threads and surrounded by thousands of little men of the average size of six inches. This was the land known as Lilliput.

Gulliver, of course, releases himself from the bondage. The crowd realises that this giant meant no harm to them. But what are they going to do to him? Gulliver recollected later, "They apprehended my breaking loose, that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine."

They even thought of killing him. "But again they consi-

dered that the stench of such large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom."

However, Gulliver soon earned great glory for Lilliput. Between Lilliput and the island of Blefuscu, also inhabited by little men, was a stretch of sea measuring 800 yards. Blefuscu was preparing to invade Lilliput. Gulliver waded through the waters and hauled the entire fleet of Blefuscu to Lilliput.

But Gulliver did not agree to crush the people of Blefuscu as desired by the Lilliputians. This displeased his hosts. He left Lilliput and lived for a while in Blefuscu.

One day he found an abandoned boat and sailed for England. He was picked up by a ship.

He returned home only to feel restless. He sailed again. This

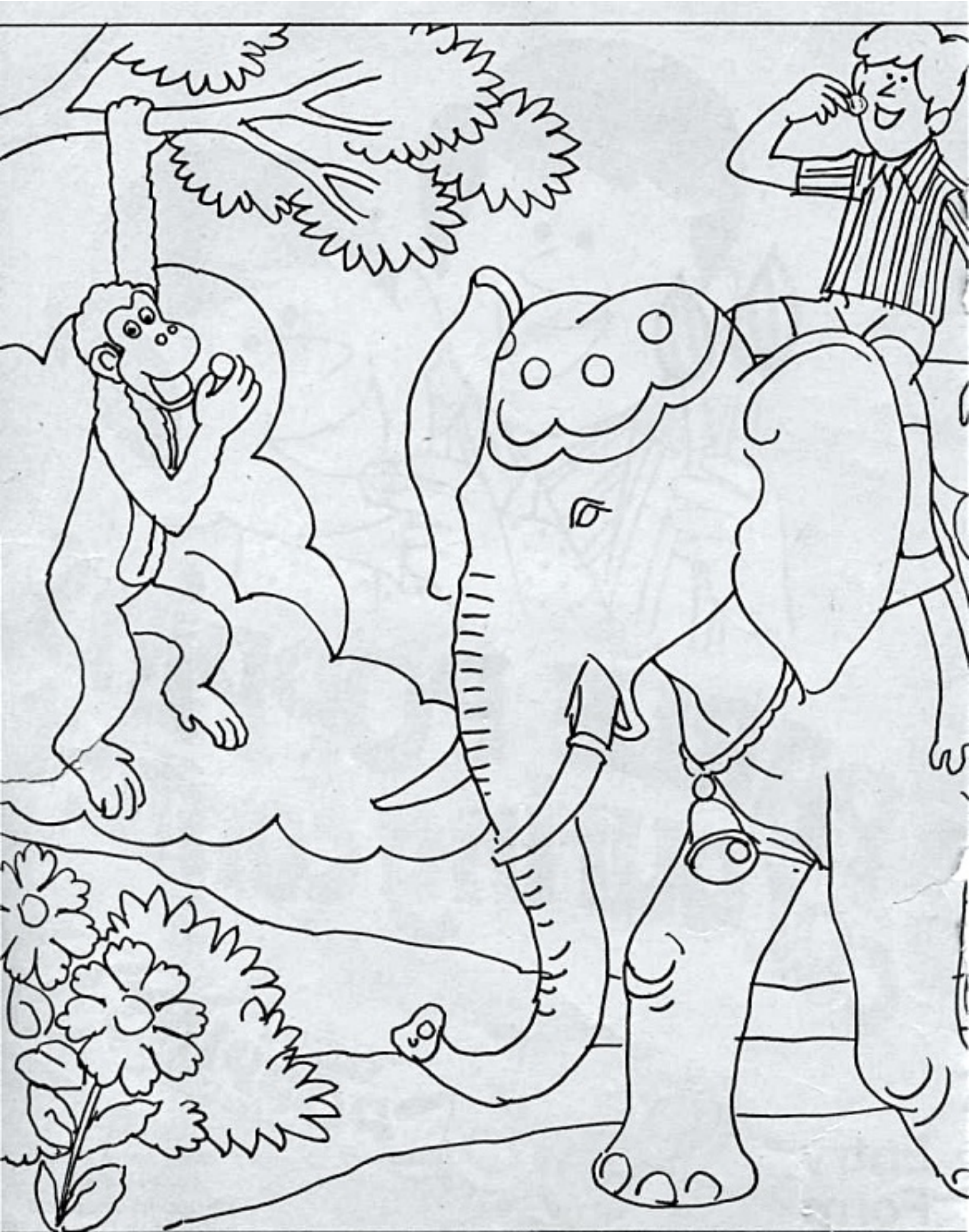


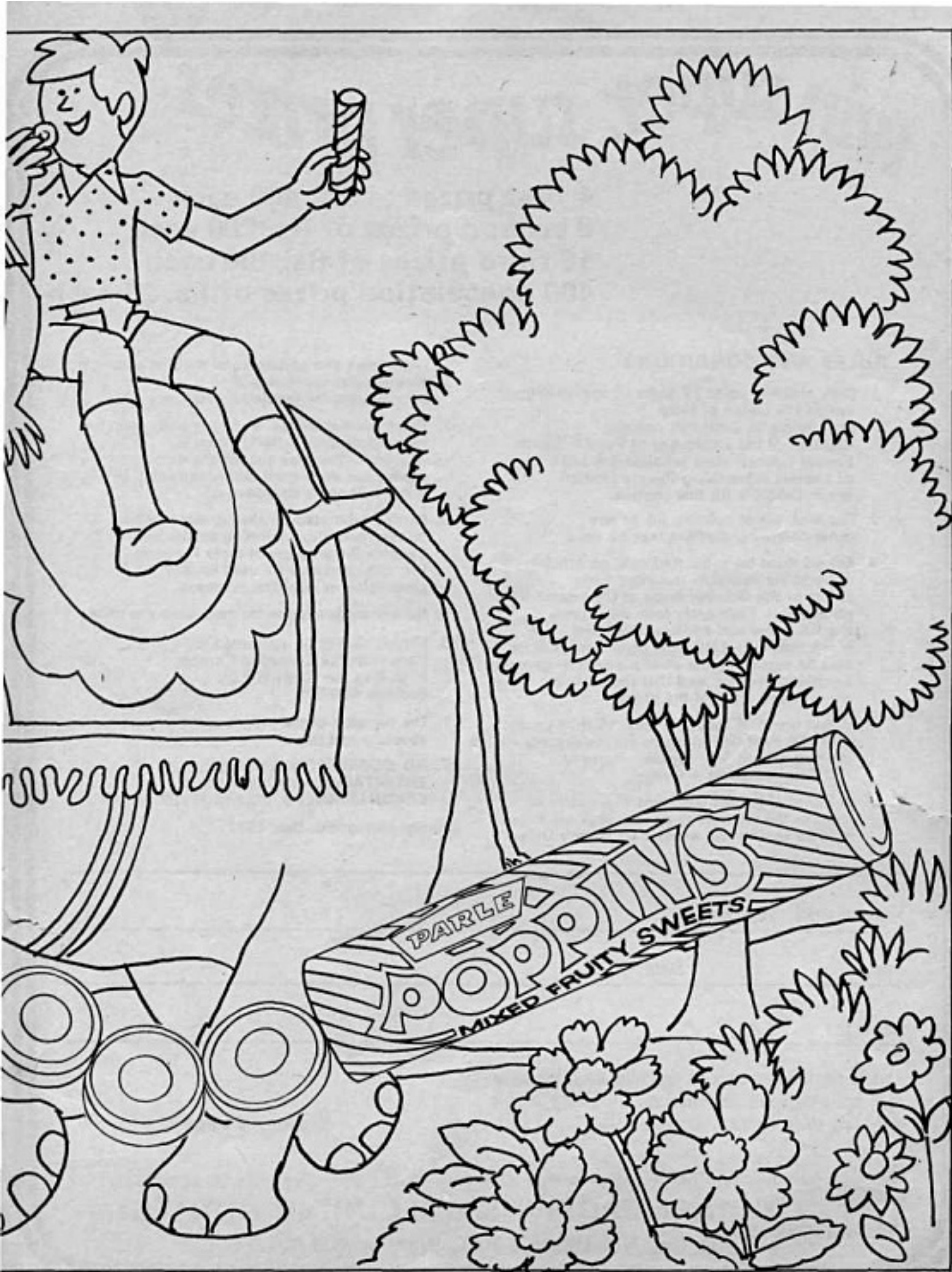
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2. Crayons, water colours, ink or any other colouring medium may be used.
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4. 4 first prizes, 8 second prizes, 16 third prizes and 400 consolation prizes will be equally divided among four regions: Bombay Calcutta • Madras • Delhi.
5. A panel of judges will meet in Bombay to choose the winners in all four regions. Prizes will be sent to the winners by Money Order.
6. The names and addresses of the first and second prize winners will be announced in leading newspapers.
7. There is no entry fee. But each entry must be accompanied by 5 Parle Poppins wrappers. You may submit any number of entries but each must be accompanied by 5 Parle Poppins wrappers.
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Contest closes: 5th Dec. 1977

Name of child: Miss/Master

Age:

State:

Address:

This is the unaided work of my child/ward. We have read and understood the Rules and Conditions and shall abide by them unconditionally.

Signature of Parent/Guardian



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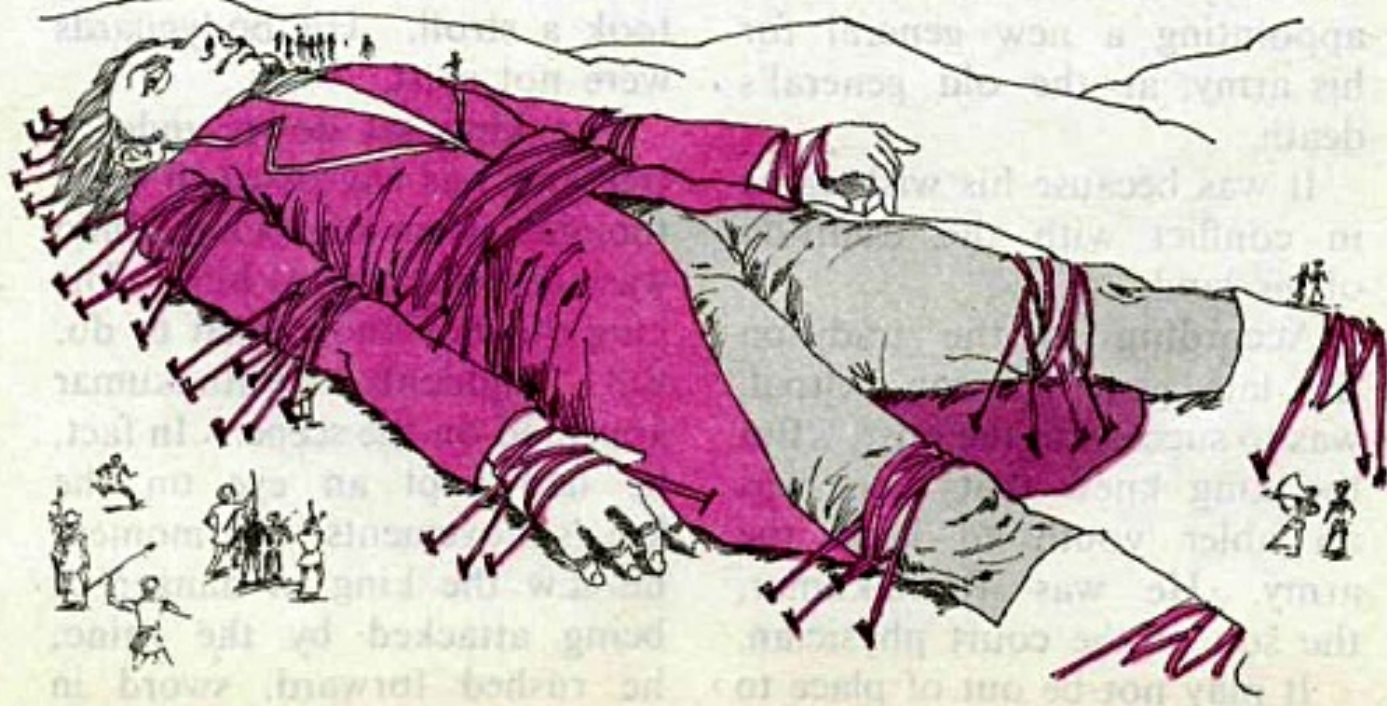
time the ship went astray. On a new land called Brobdingnag, Gulliver is separated from his friends. Suddenly he finds himself among a race of giants.

He is picked up by a giant who puts him into his pocket and carries him home. He is placed in a box and shown to the public for a profit. After a while the queen of the land buys him and keeps him as a pet. He was always in danger. He could even be attacked by a giant rat. The smallest dwarf of the land is 30 feet high and he is so jealous of Gulliver that he hurls him into a cream pitcher.

One day, luckily for Gulliver, a giant bird carries away in its beak the box in which he lived. The box falls into the ocean and Gulliver is rescued by a ship. He is back in England again.

Gulliver undertook even more voyages and met with equally strange experiences.

The author, Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), perhaps meant to show that everything in this creation is relative. If man is proud of his greatness comparing himself with smaller creatures, he too may be looked upon with contempt by creatures greater than him!





The World of Magic

THE KING'S CHOICE

King Rudradev of Ratnagiri was not only able but also popular as a ruler. Among his ministers and courtiers there was nobody who would hold a view which was different from his.

Yet, such a popular king had to worry much when it came to appointing a new general for his army, at the old general's death.

It was because his wish came in conflict with the tradition of his land.

According to the tradition the late general's son, Utpal, was to succeed to the post. But the king knew that there was an abler youth to head the army. He was Ratnakumar, the son of the court physician.

It may not be out of place to

narrate here how the king came to be so much impressed with Ratnakumar's braveness and presence of mind.

One day the king had gone into the forest for hunting. His party included Ratnakumar. While the party was camping near a lake at noon, the king took a stroll. His bodyguards were not alert.

The king sat down under a tree and was engrossed in some thought, when a ferocious rhino was seen charging at him. The king did not know what to do. But suddenly Ratnakumar appeared on the scene. In fact, he had kept an eye on the king's movements. The moment he saw the king in danger of being attacked by the rhino, he rushed forward, sword in

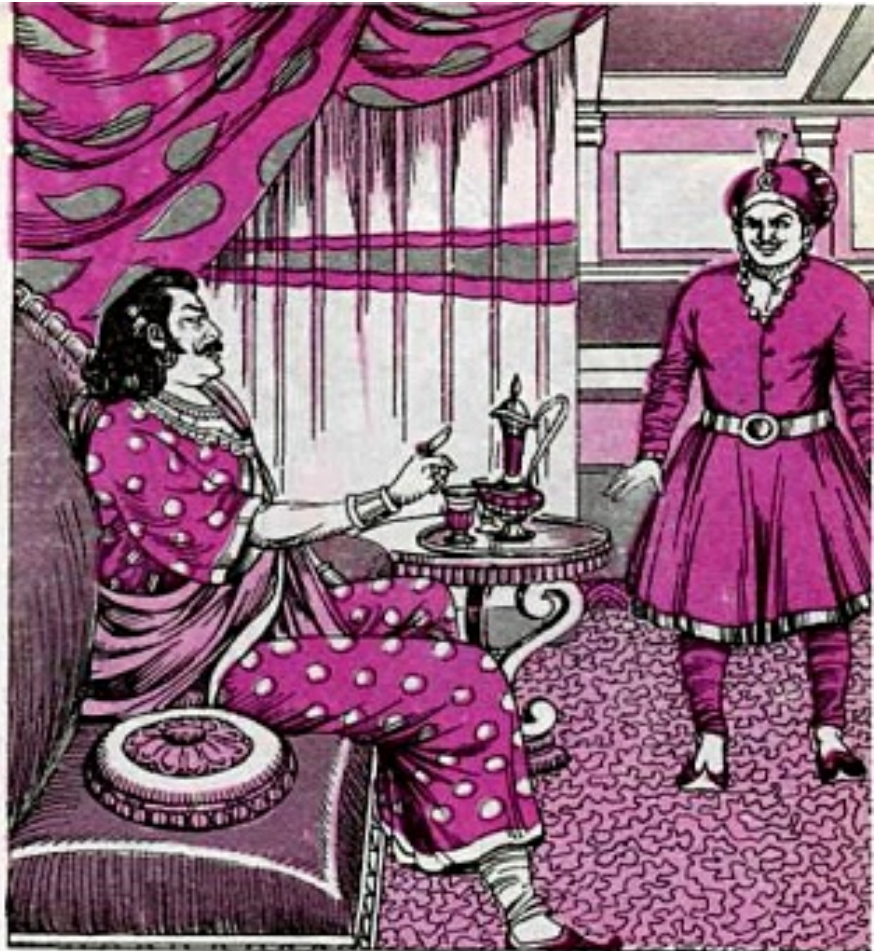
hand.

Who does not know about the thickness of the rhino's skin? It would not have been easy to kill or scare away the beast by an ordinary sword. Ratnakumar knew this well. But he also knew how to deal with such a situation. He at once cut down a banana plant and kept its trunk ready in hand. When the rhino was within the reach of his throw, he hurled the banana trunk aiming at its horn that was on its nose.

The soft banana trunk got stuck on the horn which was below the beast's eyes. As a result it could not see anything. Although it still charged at the king, it missed him. Ratnakumar, with repeated stabs, killed it in a few minutes.

The king did not fail to realise that but for Ratnakumar he would have got killed. Through a cautious inquiry, he realised further that there was no youth in Ratnagiri who could equal Ratnakumar in martial qualities.

But, upon his old general's death, when the king told his chief minister what was in his mind, the minister said that many eyebrows would be raised if they deviated from the tradi-



tion. Utpal must be made the new general. The courtiers agreed with the chief minister.

The king grew pensive. The court magician, Rangaraj, did not fail to observe the king's mood.

"My lord! There is nothing wrong in violating a tradition when you are sure that what you are going to do is good," Rangaraj told the king in private.

"But I do not want to annoy my ministers and courtiers," said the king.

"You won't have to annoy them if you do as I say," whispered the magician.



Both discussed the problem and its possible solution for a while. The king looked bright at the end of the discussion.

Next day the king told his ministers and the courtiers, "Time changes and the old traditions often lose their values. Don't you agree with me?"

"We do," said all.

"I have no doubt that Utpal, our late general's son, is an able young man. But when it comes to as serious a matter as the defence of the land, I think we should be extremely careful. There may be other eligible youths in our land, Utpal apart. Let us give all the aspiring

youths a chance to prove their worth," the king proposed.

Nobody could oppose the suggestion. A number of youths came forward to participate in a contest of strength, valour, swiftness and cleverness. From the contest emerged four young men who were worthy of being considered for the general's post. Ratnakumar, no doubt, was the best of the four. But Utpal and two other youths too showed commendable merit.

Addressing his court, the king said, "We all agree that four young men of our land have deserved to be considered for the general's post. We have to choose one from them. How to do it?"

There was a silence.

"Well, gentlemen, since it is difficult for us to give an opinion in the matter, we better leave it in the hands of Providence," said the king again.

There was silence even then, for, nobody knew what the king had in his mind.

The king asked for four slips of paper and four envelopes. When they were brought to him, he handed over the slips of paper to the chief minister and said, "Will you please write down the names of the four

young men on these four slips?"

The minister obeyed the instruction.

The king then gave the slips and the envelopes to the queen and said, "We solicit your co-operation. Will you please go into another room and put these slips into these envelopes?"

The queen did as requested and returned with the envelopes.

"Now, please hand over the envelopes to the minister one after another. As you do so, I will utter one by one the names of the candidates. After I utter a name, the minister should open the envelope. When the name I utter and the name that is written on the slip inside the envelope will tally, we will know that we have got the Providential answer to our question," said the king.

First the king uttered Utpal's

name. But the envelope contained one Gautam's name. Second time the king uttered the name of another candidate, Harisingh. But the envelope contained Utpal's name. Third time the king uttered Ratnakumar's name. This time the envelope too was found to have contained the same name.

All applauded. Ratnakumar was declared to have been chosen as the general.

In the evening the king thanked the queen, saying, "Luckily you did not forget our magician's instruction."

"I was very much alert so that I should hold the envelope containing Ratnakumar's name at its middle while handing it over to the minister as advised by the magician. Luckily, you too remembered the hint!" said the queen and both laughed.

Mr. A. C. Sorcer, Magician





*New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire*

THE REAL CRIMINAL

Dark was the night and clouded was the sky. Thunder shook the region from time to time and lightning revealed fearful faces of ghosts and ghouls.

But the fearless King Vikram began to cross the cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder.

The vampire that possessed the corpse suddenly observed, "O King, I do not know what you have done to earn this awful punishment. But at times even the criminals go unpunished. Take the case of the young thief who was caught red-handed. Let me tell you his story. Listen carefully. That should divert your attention from your labour."

The vampire narrated: On the outskirts of the city of Kanchan was an inn. One evening a traveller reached the inn and decided to pass his night there. He lay down to sleep on the veranda.

A conversation woke him up at midnight. Without showing

that he had woken up, he followed the conversation with attention. Soon he understood that one of the two persons talking was a police officer while the other one was a young boy.

"I am very sorry to see that a smart young boy like you has taken to stealing. Stealing is not only punishable by the law of the land, but also by the law of heaven. It is a sin and the consequence is bound to visit you," the officer was heard saying.

"Sir, to be frank, I am extremely sorry for what I have done. But there was no other go for me than to steal. I needed money badly. This is for the first as well as the last time that I have stolen," said

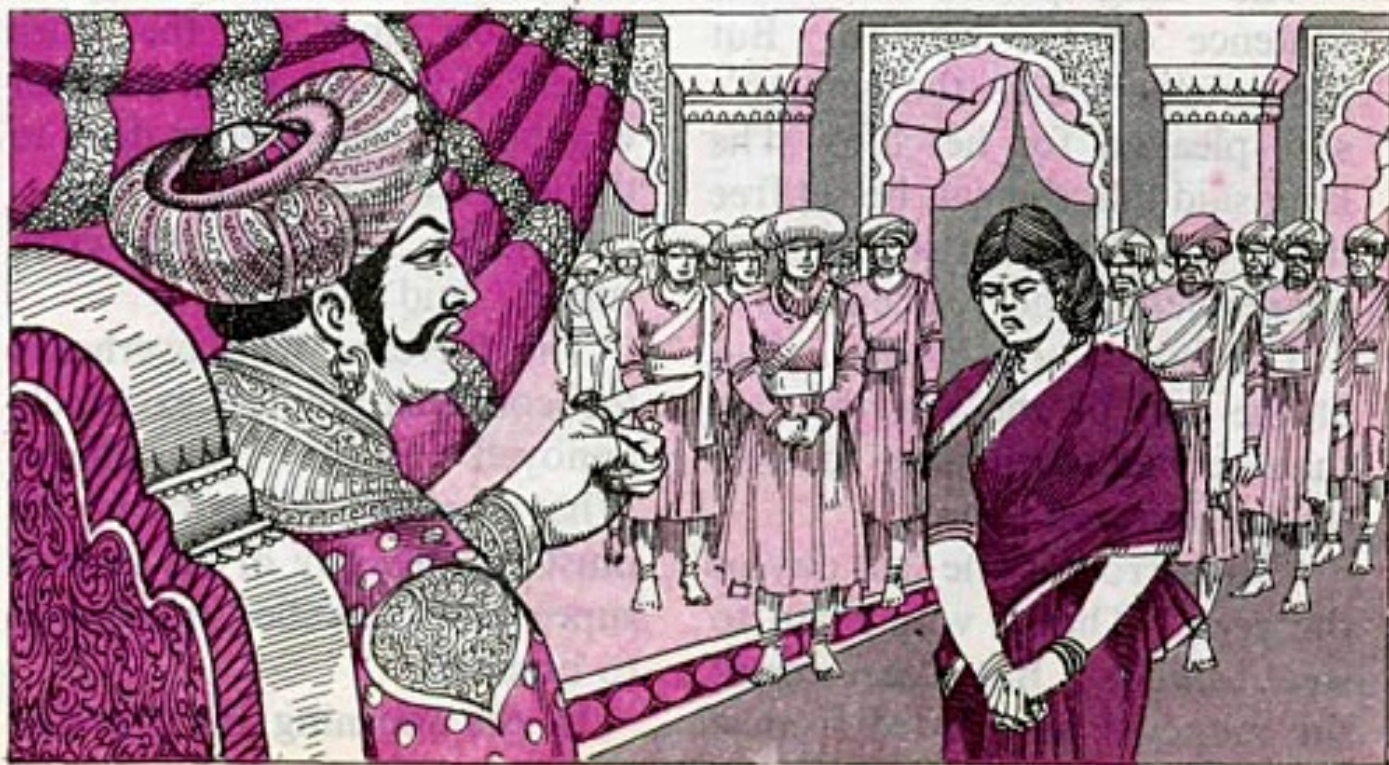
the boy.

"What is it that compelled you to steal?" asked the officer.

The boy told his story: He was a poor man's son. His father died while he was an infant. His mother had had a very hard time bringing him up. However, she managed to save a little money through several years of work as a maid-servant in various households.

She then built a rest house on the roadside. Travellers could eat and rest there for a small payment.

One night a couple took shelter in their cottage. In the morning it was found that both the man and his wife were dead. Investigation showed that they had been poisoned. In the jar





of drinking water that was in their room was found a dead lizard. Their hostess was arrested for having caused their death through her negligence.

The king passed a death-sentence on the woman. But the courtiers and the woman's son pleaded for her life. The king said that she can be set free if her son produced a thousand rupees before the year ended.

The boy worked hard. But at the end of the year he saw that he had been able to save only a hundred rupees.

"Tomorrow is the last day of the year. That is why I had to steal tonight. But please count the money I have lifted from a

merchant's shop. It is exactly nine hundred rupees," the boy concluded his story.

The officer counted the money and said, "This is not nine hundred rupees, but nine hundred and one!"

"I must have picked up the extra rupee by mistake," said the boy.

The officer stood quiet for a while. Then he said, "My boy! I am moved by your story. I feel a deep affection for you. Nevertheless, I must tell you that it is very wrong to steal. More than any punishment from the king, I am afraid of the punishment that heaven might mete out to you."

The boy kept quiet.

The officer said again, "You need nine hundred rupees. Will you give me the extra rupee? If you do, I will consider whether to report your deed to the king or not."

"Gladly, sir, here is the extra rupee," said the boy.

The traveller who overheard the conversation felt extremely annoyed with the officer. What a greedy fellow he is! He must rob the boy of his surplus rupee—the traveller murmured to himself.

In the morning the traveller

went to the king's court to see what would happen to the boy and his mother.

The boy deposited the thousand rupees and got his mother released. The officer kept mum.

The vampire fell into silence for a moment and then demanded of the king: "O King, no doubt a theft had been committed and the boy was the thief. Yet, he went scot-free. Who is to blame—the boy, or the officer who took the bribe of a rupee? O King, if you know the answer to the question and yet choose to keep mum, your head will roll off your neck!"

Answered King Vikram: "We know the circumstance in which the boy was obliged to steal. We cannot take him to be an ordinary criminal. So far as the officer was concerned, he cannot be said to have demanded the surplus rupee as a

bribe. If he wished, he could have bullied the boy and taken away the whole stolen money or demanded an equal share of it. If he took only one rupee, there must be some other motive behind his action. And that motive must have been to lighten the burden of the boy's sin before heaven, by sharing the stolen money. We must not forget that he felt an affection for the boy.

"The one who was really at fault was the king. It is he who demanded a thousand rupees from the boy knowing fully well that the boy had no capacity to pay the amount. By his unjust demand he drove the boy to turn into a thief. The king was the real criminal."

As soon as King Vikram concluded his answer the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



THE BOY WITH THE UMBRELLA

In a certain area there was no rain for a long time.

The priest of the local temple, who was a saintly person, asked the people of the nearby villages to gather before the temple, one evening, to pray to the Lord for granting rain.

A small boy who accompanied a group of peasants carried an umbrella with him.

"There isn't a shred of cloud in the sky. Why this umbrella then?" a farmer asked him.

"When so many people will pray, there will certainly be a heavy shower. I do not want to get drenched," answered the boy.

All laughed at the boy.

Clouds gathered at the end of the prayer. The priest told the gathering, "It is the faith of one among you that is going to bring about the rain."

He then pointed his finger at the boy with the umbrella.





VEER HANUMAN

It is Suvarchala who gave Chandrasena the news of Mahiravana's death and Makaradhwaja's ascension to the throne of Patala Lanka.

"My daughter! Great is your luck. Rama will soon be here in response to your ardent aspiration," said Suvarchala. Chandrasena's joy knew no bound.

After Suvarchala's departure Chandrasena made preparations for receiving Rama. She decorated her house with a variety of flowers. She also prepared a bed as soft as the jasmine flowers and burnt incense around it. The whole house was fragrant.

And then she placed two golden jars filled with rose water on both sides of her doorsteps

and waited for the arrival of Rama.

Before long, led by Hanuman, Rama was seen approaching her house. As soon as her eyes fell on Rama than she pulled the veil on her face and stood entranced.

Hanuman drew closer to her and said, "O Mother! Look who has come. I have kept my promise. Here is Ramachandra."

Chandrasena came to senses and opened her eyes. Before her stood Rama—serene, silent and beautiful. She remembered her duty and fetched cool water and washed Rama's feet on a golden plate. She then sprinkled that water on her own head and worshipped Rama with flowers and camphor.



She then tried to speak. But her lips trembled and she could utter no word. She led Rama to the bed. But as Rama was about to sit upon it, it suddenly broke at the middle.

Chandrasena stood bewildered for a moment. Next she raised a beautiful garland in order to put it around Rama's neck. But the garland gave away and the flowers lay scattered on the ground.

"Chandrasena! The omens are not good. You must not do anything hastily," said Rama sweetly but gravely.

Chandrasena had by then completely come out of her trance. She cast a stern look

at the bed in order to find out what could be the reason behind the strange happening. Hanuman, who had assumed a diminutive form and had caused the bed to break up could not bear her look. He felt a burning sensation all over his body.

He came out of his hiding and resuming his normal form, appealed to Chandrasena, "Pardon me, my mother! I had promised to bring Rama to you. I have been true to my word. On your part, you must remain content with a glimpse of him. It is the best thing to remain a devotee of his without any kind of desire."

Chandrasena tried to speak again, but without success.

Rama looked at her with deep compassion in his eyes. As Chandrasena too continued to look at him, she saw in him the great God Vishnu.

"Chandrasena, in due course I will incarnate again as Krishna. You will be born as Satyabhama and get me as your husband. Thus shall your urge be satisfied. I have a different mission in this incarnation. You must wait."

As Chandrasena heard these words, she could not turn her gaze from Rama's eyes. Slowly

a miraculous change came over her. She was transformed into a luminous flame. Before the surprised eyes of Hanuman, the flame got completely merged in Rama's body.

Hanuman folded his hands and did obeisance to Chandra-sena.

But soon Hanuman remembered that there was no time to lose. The terrible Ravana was still alive and they could not afford to think of any other thing until he was destroyed.

Just then Makaradhwaja arrived on the spot. He worshipped Rama, Lakshmana and Hanuman and obtained their blessings. Thereafter he bade goodbye to them. Hanuman made the two divine brothers sit on his shoulders. Emerging from that region, he soon rose to the sky and flew towards Lanka as Makaradhwaja and his subjects looked on.

At Lanka the Vanaras as well as their leaders were beset with sadness. They were gazing at the sky again and again. Jambavan alone was trying to keep them in good spirit.

Inside Ravana's fort the demons were in a joyous mood. They were shouting and singing out their joy. Some were busy



with their drinking cups.

Ravana looked excited. He had no doubt that Mahiravana would arrive any moment with the severed heads of Rama and Lakshmana. Ravana had planned to present the heads to Sita. He had already ordered for a gold platter on which to keep the two heads!

But as time passed, he grew anxious. Why was Mahiravana causing such delay?

Ravana came out of the castle and looked at the seashore where the Vanaras stood pensive. He was very happy to see the enemy in that depressed mood. He shouted as soon as he spotted Vibhishana among



the Vanaras, "What a fool you are, Vibhishana, to still linger among the Vanaras! Soon the heads of your patrons should reach me. They must have been already offered to Kali of the nether region. Come, join me in my happiness. You have no reason to fear. True, you have betrayed me. But, after all, you are my younger brother. I declare that you are the crown prince of Lanka. Come away. Make haste."

Vibhishana plugged his ears. Tears flowed down his cheeks. Sugriva who saw Vibhishana in that state could not suppress his own anguish. No wonder that the Vanaras should feel extre-

mely sad on observing the condition of these two leaders.

Ravana broke into a thunderous laughter. Then he looked at the demonesses who were peeping through the castle doors and told them, "Go and ask Sita to expect the heads of Rama and Lakshmana before long. I cannot present their bodies to her because the demons of Patala Lanka must have already devoured them. Go and prepare Sita to receive the heads!"

The demonesses suspected that their king was being over-enthusiastic. But they could not dare to speak out their feeling. They departed.

Ravana retired into one of his rooms and sat by the window, fixing his gaze on the horizon. He was expecting Mahiravana.

Suddenly he saw a dark spot in the sky which was getting more and more prominent.

Ravana sprang to his feet and clapped his hands and cried out, "Here comes Mahiravana. He is bringing me the severed heads of Rama and Lakshmana. Where is the golden platter? Bring it to me quickly."

But the very next moment he fell into a dead silence and

sprawled on the floor, losing consciousness. He had recognised the flying comers!

Among the Vanaras too there was an uncertain silence for a moment. Jambavan was the first to recognise Hanuman with Rama and Lakshmana.

"Look, my friends, here comes our Hanuman, his mission accomplished! Come, let us greet Rama, Lakshmana and Hanuman!" he exclaimed.

The Vanaras burst into cheers. Their shouts and songs far surpassed the roar of the sea.

On the other hand an ominous silence descended on the fort of Ravana.

Ravana, upon resuming his consciousness, stood stupefied, leaning against a wall. He failed to understand how Rama and Lakshmana could manage to come out of Mahiravana's clutch. Are Mahiravana and Ahiravana then killed? He wondered.

One of his spies who had in the meanwhile learnt all that took place in Patala Lanka appeared before him and reported everything to him. Ravana shivered in awe and rage and fell down unconscious again.

He was still shivering when he sat up. He clenched his



fist and, his teeth rattling, shouted, "Where is Lakshmana, the killer of my dear son Meghnad? At first I will kill him, wherever he might lie hidden. Today is the last day in his life, I daresay!"

Mandodari who had come out of her apartment felt amazed at Ravana's desperate behaviour. Her eyes were moistened. Ravana saw her, but pretended not to have seen her. He kicked the ground and said in an abnormal voice, "I need nobody's help for killing Lakshmana. I will do what Mahiravana failed to do. I will soon behead both Rama and Lakshmana and send the heads to Sita. I could have already done



so had not Mahiravana come and created in me some illusion about his capacity. He was a worthless creature and a coward. How could Rama have killed him so easily otherwise? However, I am going to avenge the deaths of all my near and dear ones. To begin with, I must finish Lakshmana."

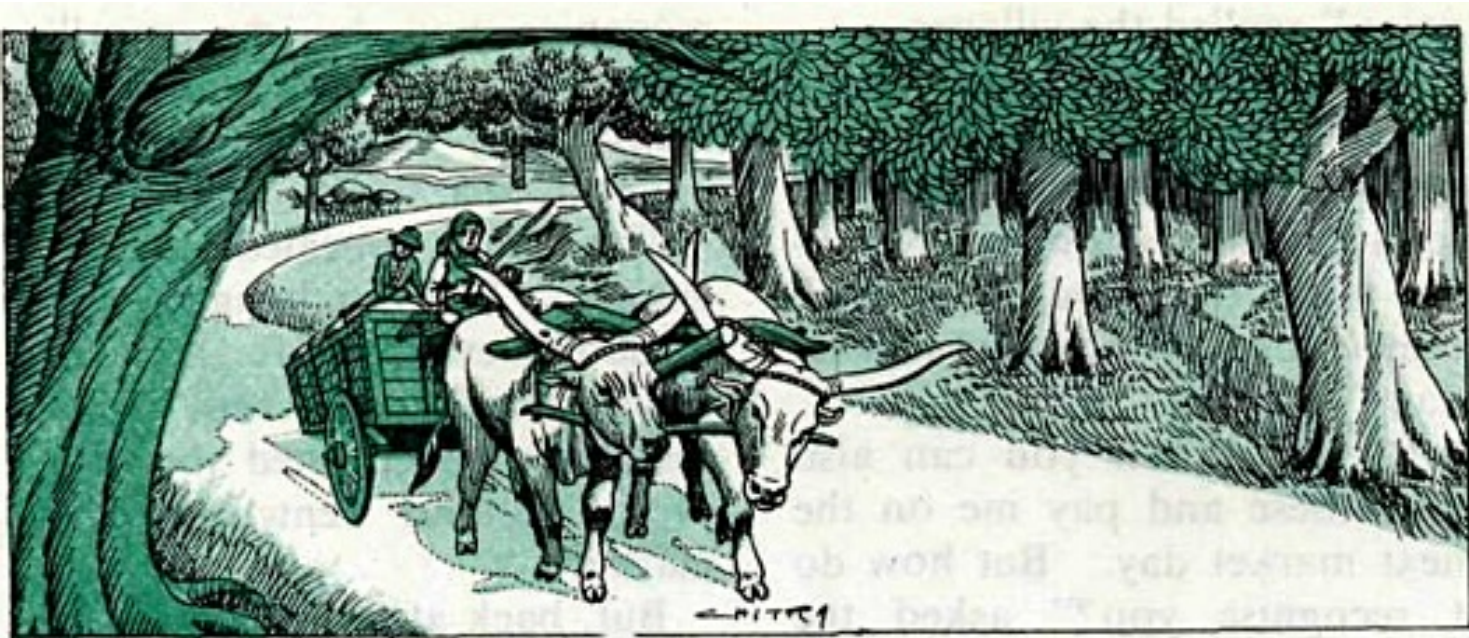
The Vanaras were blowing conch-shells and throwing challenges at the demons. When Ravana heard the noise, his eyes seemed to discharge sparks. His body glowed in anger.

"Where is Lakshmana? Let him come out and face me!" he roared as he advanced towards the battlefield, well-armed.

Contd.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





A Folktale from Hungary

THE DEAL CLINCHED

In a certain village lived a farmer and his wife. The woman always claimed that she was cleverer than her husband.

One day the farmer gathered the vegetables he had grown and, loading them in a cart, prepared to go to the market for selling them.

"Let me drive the cart. I know how to drive fast," said the woman and she drove the cart while the farmer sat behind her.

"In the market, do not sell the vegetables to anybody without my knowledge," said the woman.

The farmer thought that it was time she was made to

understand how much clever she really was. He said, "Why don't you go alone and sell the vegetables?"

"Why not!" replied the woman smartly and asked, "At what price should I sell them?"

"Well, at the price prevailing in the market, of course!" replied the farmer.

The woman was about to reach the market when an old villager approached her and asked her the price of her vegetables.

"I will sell these at the price prevailing in the market," said the woman.

"Wait a minute. I will run to the market and ascertain the

price," replied the villager.

A little later he came back running and announced, "No price is prevailing in the market today. The customers are taking away the goods for which they will pay on the next market day."

"I see. Then you can also take these and pay me on the next market day. But how do I recognise you?" asked the woman.

"It is clever of you to raise the question. There is an easy solution. Give your shawl to me. I give my coat to you. You will certainly recognise me by your shawl just as I will

recognise you by my coat!" proposed the villager while transferring the vegetables to her own cart.

The idea appealed to the woman. She exchanged her valuable new shawl for a cheap tattered coat. She was happy that she had clinched the deal even without entering the market!

But, back at home, when she reported the transaction to her husband, the farmer tore his own hair in despair.

"I am leaving the house. I will not be back until I have seen another woman as foolish as you are," he said and left



in a huff.

He loitered here and there till he was tired. Near a forest stood a small house. He knocked on the door. An old woman opened it and asked him, "Where do you come from?"

"From the world of the dead," answered the farmer, just for fun.

"Really? You must have met my son there, haven't you?" asked the woman eagerly.

"Of course, I have. The poor boy would have come with me. But he cannot walk such a long way," replied the farmer.

"Are you returning there soon?" asked the woman.

"Immediately," was the farmer's reply.

"In that case, please do me a favour. Take that nice horse fastened to the pole at the back-yard. My son can ride it," said the old woman.

The farmer was amazed at the old woman's naivety.

"How is the weather in the world of the dead?" queried the old woman.

"It is rather cold," replied the farmer.

"My husband has swindled somebody of a fine new shawl. Please give it to my son," said she and handed over the shawl to the farmer. At once the



farmer recognised it. It was his wife's.

He had now no hesitation to take away the horse. He bowed to the old woman and rode away.

He had just come out to the open road through the back-yard when he noticed a man entering the house. He thought that the fellow must have been the master of the house.

"No doubt he will follow me to recover his horse," he thought to himself and hit upon a plan. He led the horse into the forest and fastened it to a tree. He then came and stood on the road, putting his shoulder to a huge leaning tree.

Soon the old villager, panting and sweating, came running. "Have you seen a fellow with a horse?" he asked.

"Yes, he has not gone far, I

bet," replied the farmer.

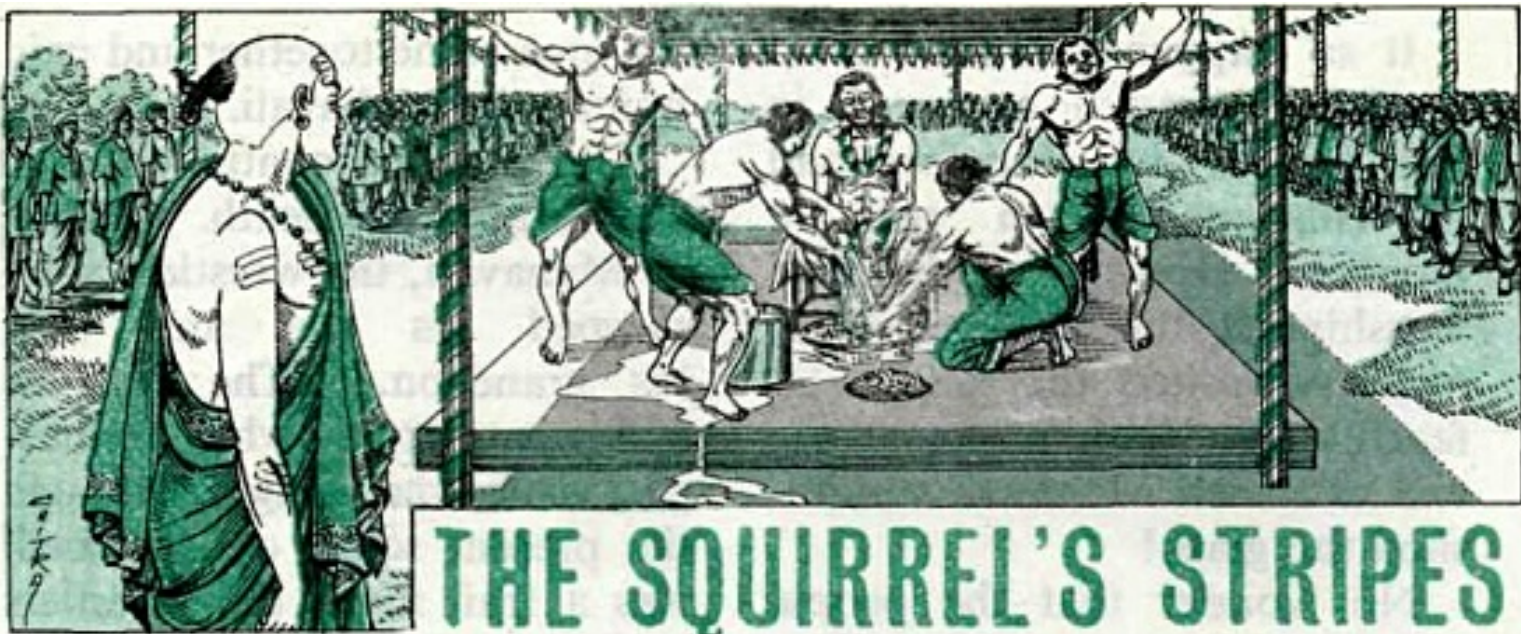
"I am rather tired. Can you run and catch the fellow? It is my horse that he is riding away with!" pleaded the man.

"I can. But I am under contract with a man to keep this tree from falling down. If you take my place, I can go and catch the fellow," said the farmer.

The man agreed to the condition. He stood there, putting his shoulder to the tree. The farmer ran for a minute. Then he entered the forest and jumped on to the horse and galloped away.

"Take your shawl. But do not consider yourself too clever again. However, it is a matter of great consolation for you that I met a woman who was more foolish than you," the farmer told his wife.





THE SQUIRREL'S STRIPES

The fame of Vidyanath, the great scholar, had spread far and wide. Young men who aspired for true knowledge gathered around him.

Vidyanath had a worthy successor in his son, Brihaspati. The young man had studied the scriptures well. He had also developed a great ability for explaining them to the seekers. Vidyanath was getting old and he wanted to entrust his worthy son with the responsibility of the school. But instead of doing so in a hurry, he one day told Brihaspati, "My son! I deem you to be a true scholar. But your knowledge of books should be matched by a knowledge of the practical world. I suggest that you undertake a tour of the country.

Brihaspati always saw wisdom in whatever his father said. He

set out on a journey. It proved quite fruitful. A few of his experiences were unforgettable!

For example, he was amazed to see in a certain village a group of strong wrestlers pouring water on the feet of a feeble-looking fellow and worshipping him, shouting from time to time, "Glory to the great hero, Mahavali, and his great descendant!"

On inquiry, Brihaspati understood that in days gone by there was a great hero named Mahavali who lived in that village. In those days there was a deep forest spread along the border of the village. The forest abounded in wild animals which often plagued the village. Mahavali drove away or killed such intruding animals. Once he even killed a ferocious tiger almost bare-handed.

It so happened that a giant named Durmukh appeared in that forest. Never before had the villagers known such a menace. However, Mahavali worshipped the goddess, Kali, and confronted the giant. A fearful fight took place, at the end of which Mahavali vanquished the giant!

No wonder that the people should look upon Mahavali as their saviour. Whoever among them aspired to cultivate physical strength, worshipped him. The day the giant Durmukh had been killed became a red-letter day in their calendar. They held a festival on that day every year when all the wrestlers of

the area came together and paid homage to Mahavali.

The practice continued even after Mahavali's death. In place of Mahavali, the wrestlers worshipped his son and then his grandson. The practice still went strong when Brihaspati visited the village. Although the present scion of Mahavali was a frail man, the wrestlers looked upon him as their presiding deity!

But Brihaspati had the opportunity to see an incident of a different nature too.

It happened in another village.

The local landlord, in the style of the kings, used to appoint a court poet. His old court poet



had died and he was to choose a new man for the post.

Six leading poets of the region had assembled in the landlord's court.

As required by the landlord, the candidates had brought with them a volume of verses each to prove their eligibility for the post. But the landlord suddenly asked one of them, "Are you by any chance a Sky-man?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

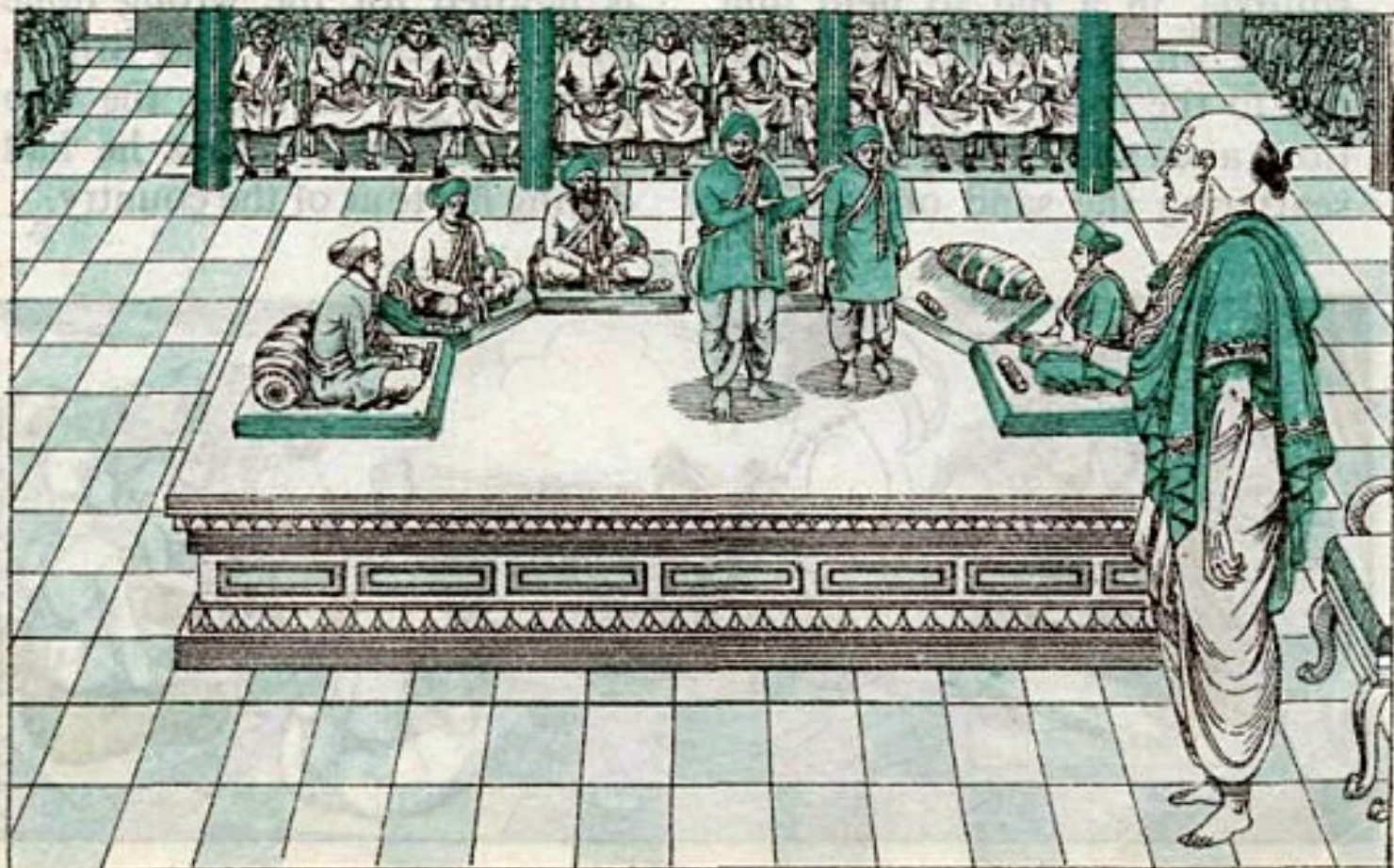
"In that case you should have brought three volumes of verses with you," observed the landlord and he dismissed that candidate and chose his court poet from the rest.

"What is a sky-man? And

why must a different law apply to a sky-man?" asked Brihaspati, when the interview was over.

"We call the people of a certain caste sky-men because their forefathers claimed to have descended from the sky! They also claimed that they alone had the right to knowledge. They became the advisers of the king and exercised great influence on the people. Gradually they began to harass the common people too.

"Time changed and the dynasty which patronised the sky-men ceased to rule this land. The new rulers did not show any favour to the sky-men.



The sky-men too do not claim any special privilege nowadays. But they have to pay the price for the undue privilege enjoyed by their forefathers," explained the landlord.

Brihaspati toured the country for two years before returning home. Soon Vidyanath passed away and Brihaspati took charge of the famous school. He found that the experiences he had gathered during his travel were a great aid in his teaching.

One day he was narrating to his students the legend of the squirrel getting the stripes on its back. It was said that when Rama was building the road to Lanka through the sea, the squirrel, in a bid to help him, rolled on the sands and then ran to the road under construction and shook its tiny body scattering the sand on it. This

it did again and again. Pleased at its gesture, Rama brushed its back with his fingers and the squirrel bears the marks.

"Is it possible for such marks to pass on from generation to generation?" asked a student.

"It is not. But such is the imagination of the people that they associate one thing with another. What the squirrel did inspires our admiration even to this day. We have associated its stripes with the reward it received for its virtue. The people do not easily forget either the virtue or the vice of a man. That is why even a weakling is glorified for the valour of his ancestor and even a worthy man is ignored for the wrong done by his ancestors," said Brihaspati and he narrated the two memorable experiences he had during his tour of the country:



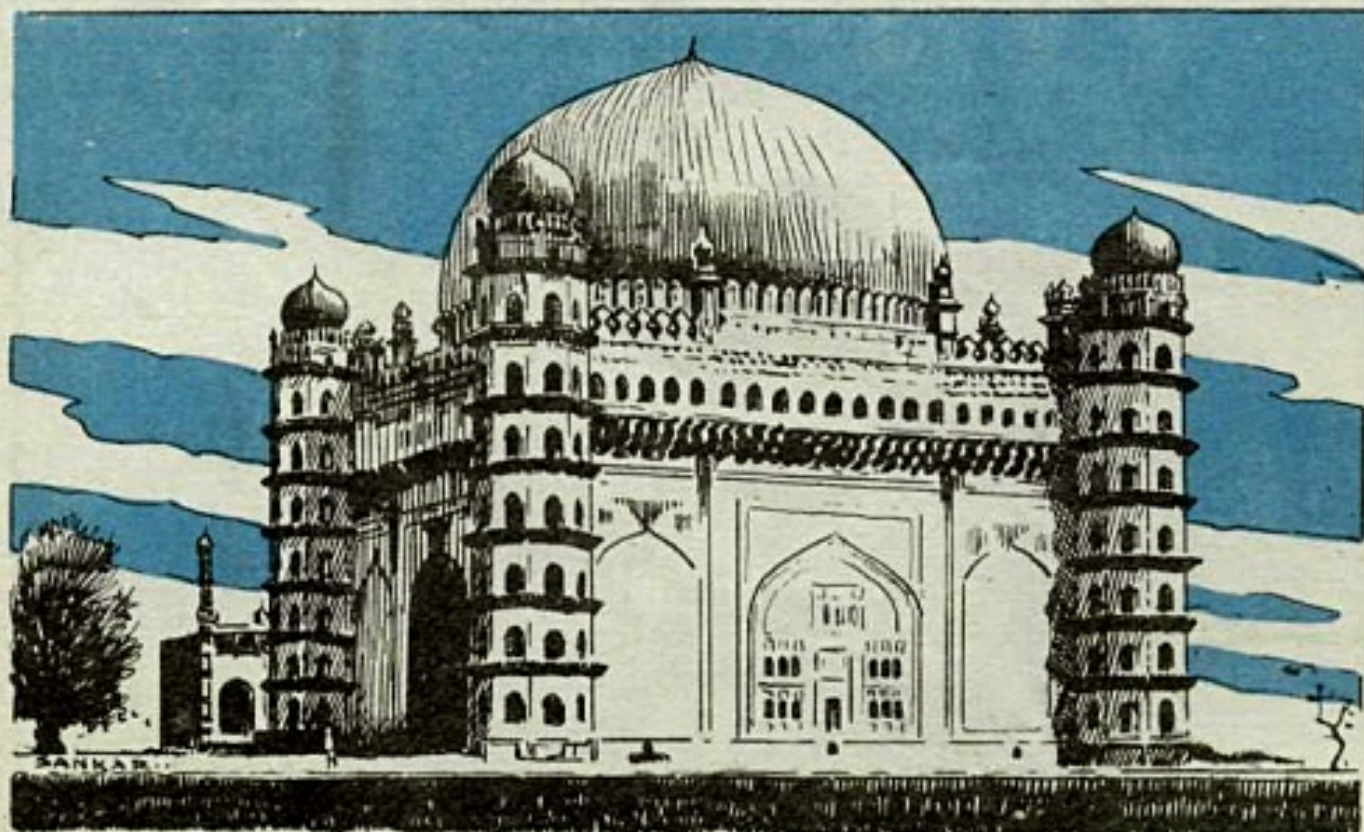
MONUMENTS OF INDIA

GOL GUMBAZ OF BIJAPUR

From the late 15th century to the late 17th century, Bijapur was the capital of a sultanate ruled by the Adil Shahi dynasty.

Gol Gumbaz is a monument with a floor area of 18,334 feet, built on the tomb of Mohamad Adil Shah. This is a remarkable building—a monument unique in the world for its magnificent dome.

The dome contains what is famous as Whispering Gallery. Here, even a whisper produces innumerable echoes. Any noise sounds weird and gives a queer sensation.





TO CROSS THE RUBICON

It happened about two thousand years ago, in 49 B. C. Rome was a republic then, governed by a senate.

Julius Caesar, the general of the Roman army, was growing more and more powerful. The senators realised that Caesar was an ambitious man and he would not hesitate to usurp the senate's power unless stopped in time.

After winning a war on behalf of Rome, Caesar was returning home at the head of an enthusiastic army. The senate sent word to him that he should halt on the other side of the Rubicon, which was a small river marking the border of Cisalpine Gaul, a province that was under Caesar's governorship. He was warned that his crossing the Rubicon would mean confronting the senate.

Caesar thought for a while. He then took a bold risk. He crossed the Rubicon.

Many senators fled. A civil war followed. Caesar emerged victorious and became the dictator of Rome.

To cross the Rubicon thus came to mean taking such a risky step which could not be retraced whatever be the consequence!





LET US KNOW

Let us have a brief account of the land of Kashmir.

M. Minny, Bangalore.

In a remote past, as the legend says, Kashmir on the north-western frontier of India was a large lake. It was the sage Kasyapa who drained out the water and established a colony on the dry land. The region came to be called as "Kashyampar" after the sage's name. In course of time it was shortened to Kashmir.

The land popularly called Kashmir in fact comprises three areas, Jammu, Kashmir, and the northern part of the land with two districts, Ladakh and Gilgit.

Beautiful is this land of hills, valleys and lakes. Old too is its history. There are three Sanskrit works giving the account of its past. They are Kalhana's *Rajatarangini*, a continuation of this work by Jonaraja, and Prajna Bhatta's *Rajabalipataka*.

The *Mahabharata* informs us that the Kashmiris were Kshatriyas. Asoka introduced Buddhism into the land. He too founded a beautiful town which continues to be there as Srinagar of today. The Kushan emperor Kaniska, held a great conference of Buddhists in Kashmir.

The Mughal emperors contributed greatly to the development of Kashmir. In the beginning of the last century the Sikhs ruled the land. The Sikh King, Ranjit Singh, gave it away to the Dogra ruler, Gulab Singh.

In 1947 India became free and Pakistan was formed.

Kashmir was yet to decide its future when Pakistan tried to capture it forcibly. The ruler of Kashmir signed his country's accession to India. The Indian army immediately pushed the aggressors away. But by then Pakistan had occupied 84,112 Sq. miles of the total 222,236 Sq. miles. It continues to hold the area. Kashmir's accession to India was approved by Kashmir Constituent Assembly in 1951.

(Readers are requested not to send new questions for a few months. Let your magazine finish answering at least a part of the backload of questions.)

CHOOSE A TITLE AND WIN A REWARD

(You are invited to choose a title for the following story and write it down on a post card and mail it to 'Story-title Contest', Chandamama, 2 & 3 Arcot Road, Madras 600 026, to reach us by the 20th of October. A reward of Rs. 25-00 will go to the best entry, which will be published in the December issue. Please do not use the same card for entering the Photo-Caption Contest).



A king had a dozen courtiers. One of them died. A great many noblemen desired to be elevated to the vacant position. But the one who finally got it had the following conversation with the king:

King : What is your surname ?

Candidate : Whatever you please, my lord !

King : How ? It may be Rao, it may be Das...

Candidate : Both are correct, my lord ! I was born in the family of Rao, but was adopted by the family of Das

King : In which season were you born ?

Candidate : As you please, my lord.

King : How ? You might have been born in winter, or it might have been spring...

Candidate : Both your guesses are absolutely correct, my lord. I was born in winter, but feeling too cold, went back to be born again in spring.

Result of Story Title Contest held in August Issue

The prize is awarded to :

Miss Mona A. Brace,

30, Sangam Society, Harni Road

BARODA 390 006.

Winning Entry—'THE BEAR FACTS'

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. M. Krishna Kumar

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 20th OCTOBER.
- Winning captions will be announced in DECEMBER Issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to:

**PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026.**

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in August Issue

The prize is awarded to:

Ms. Jayanthi,

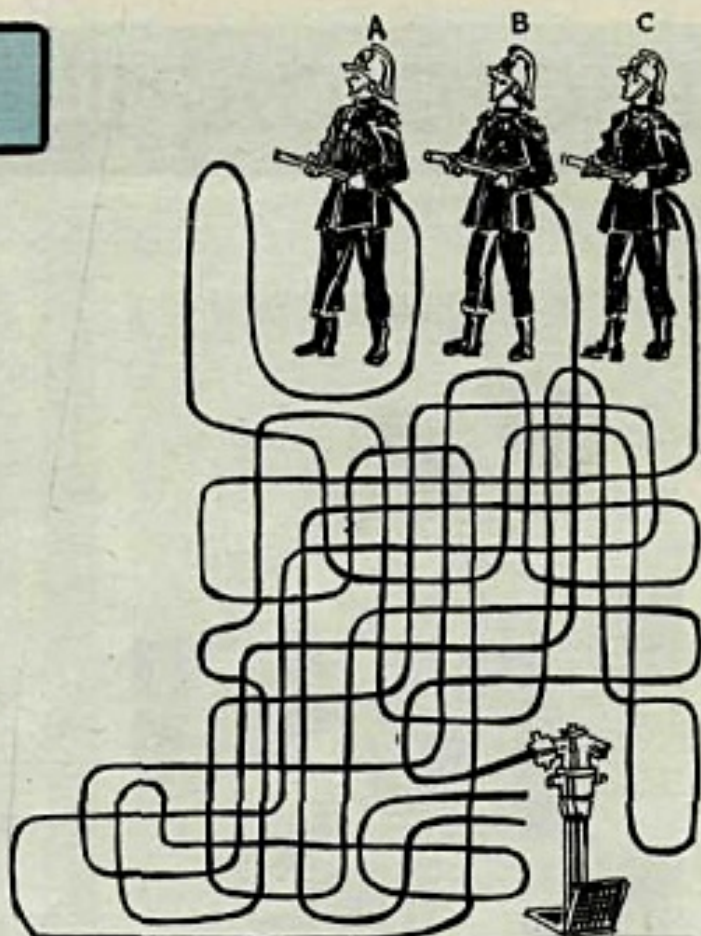
**13, First Street, Abhiramapuram,
MADRAS 600 018.**

Winning Entry — 'Colourful Vision' — 'Country's Mission'

PUZZLE TIME

Only one of these hoses is connected to the water hydrant. Which one is it?

ANSWERS:
"C" HOSE



SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





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We have many thousands of subscribers to CHANDAMAMA magazines, so all the envelopes have to be addressed by the 5th of the preceding month. So, you can see, it is very important that we are informed promptly of any change of address to ensure you receive your copy of the magazine without any delay.



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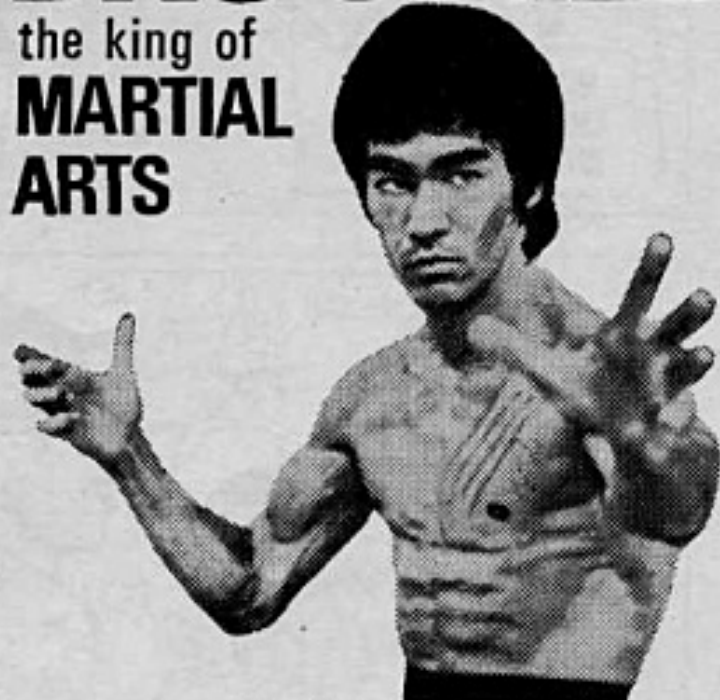
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(TO BE CONTINUED)